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June Commencement Number
1924



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AUTOGRAPHS





AUTOGRAPHS







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Seniors



N.J.

CLASS POEM

*When night begins to drift along the street,
And falls between the houses on the way,
I stop and count the days that have brought us
To this, our graduation day.*

*Much like the seasons were our school years four,
The spring with all its wonders comes the first,
And to us Freshmen (greener than the leaves!)
It seemed as if with joy our hearts would burst.*

*How wonderful, we thought, to be a part
Of that great school whose scholars bring it fame,
And we resolved always to do our best,
That it might ever keep its honored name.*

*Our first year passed, and as the leaves
Became all brilliant when the flowers die down,
With new-gained knowledge once again
We strove to do the things that bring renown.*

*And as the leaves which wither when the snow
Has smothered them beneath her blanket white,
We drooped beneath our Junior math and themes,
Indeed, it seemed that we would ne'er see light.*

*But now the end of school-days comes in view,
And as the buds burst forth upon the tree,
We break our bonds of vision and peer forth
The promise of our future life to see.*

*We're sorry that we're leaving old East High;
And to the friends we leave we wish to say:
"We hope you will succeed in all your plans,
That soon will come your graduation day."*

*We have our plans for future years all made,
And as we strive to build, our hopes are high,
Always before us we will see these words,
"For the service of humanity," and "East High."*

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.

ETHEL ABRAMSON

Et

*"A very studious girl is she
Who does her lessons merrily."*

Camp Fire '23-'24;
Spanish Club '21-'22;
Student Council '23.

EVELYN ADAMS

Eric

"To be merry best becomes you."

French Club '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Life Saving '22-'23.

HENRY ADRIAN

Hank

"It looks like it from this side."

Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Altoona High School '21-'22-'23.

MARJORIE AMSDEN

Margie

*"More worthy a worker you never will
find
If you thus keep on going, we'll all
be behind."*

Mathematics Club '24;
Philomathean Club '23-'24, Vice President '24;
Shakespearean Club '23;
Spanish Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Junior Quill '23;
Glee Club '22;
Chorus '22-'23;
"Gypsy Rover".

CLIFFORD ANDERSON

Andy

*"In youth and beauty
Wisdom is but rare."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19;
Student Council '21;
Football '19.

RAYMOND ARENBERG

Ray

*"Thou hast no faults; at least no
faults I spy;
Thou art all perfect, or all blind
am I."*

Forensic Club '23-'24;
Hi-Y '23-'24, Treasurer;
Latin Club '23;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24, President;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Junior Quill '23;
"Tailor-Made Man";
Senior Class Vice President '24.

HENRY BAHNER

Heinie

*"His friends? They are many.
His foes? Are there any?"*

French Club '24.

CLARKE BARIDON

*"Skillful alike with tongue and pen
We're sure you'll make your mark
among men."*

E-Epi Tan Club '24;
Hi-Y Cabinet '24;
Latin Club '22;
Shakespearean Club '24;
Senior Class Treasurer;
Quill Editor '24;
Basketball;
Debate;
Extemporaneous Speaking;
Declamation
"Hawthorne of U. S. A."



1924



HELEN BEATTY

Shorty

*"Not thin nor tall;
A friend to all."*

Y. W. C. A. '24.



WILLIS BIRCHARD

Will

*"Don't be bashful little boy
Most girls don't bite."*

Track '23-'24.



JOSEPHINE BISHOP

Jas

*"She's seldom heard and still is sel-
dom seen,
But then full many a rose is born
to blush unseen."*



WAVE BLAYNEY

*"A smile from her a pleasant ray
And best of all, 'tis every day."*

Camp Fire '24;

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;

Student Council '24.



MILDRED E. BORG

Mickey

*"Studious to please
Yet not ashamed to fail."*

Tennis Club '21.



GERTRUDE R. BRAUGHT

Gertie

"My idea of an agreeable person."

Spanish Club '22-'23;

Y. W. C. A. '23.



SARAH BROWN

Brownie

*"Your magnet true will ever be
A pleasing personality."*

Orchestra '24.



ESTHER BRUNK

*"Of good looks I'm not robbed
Though I've had my hair bobbed."*

Dramatic Club '23-'24;

Latin Club '21-'22;

Philomathean Club '22-'23, Secretary '23;

Shakespearean Club '23-'24, Secretary '23,

Vice President '24;

Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23.

FRANCIS BUDD

*"A face more fair, a smile more sweet
Has never been our fate to meet."*

Dramatic Club '23-'24, Secretary '23;
Latin Club '22-'23, President '22;
Philomathean Club '22-'23;
Spanish Club '24;
Y. W. C. A. '20-'21-'23-'24;
Student Council '23.

LAURA CALDWELL

Shorty

*"A soft spoken lassie; it's true
A diligent worker are you."*

Y. W. C. A. '20;
Chorus '20.

LORRAINE CALLEN

Sharlie

*"As a penman, she'll surpass any of the
class."*

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24.

HAZEL CANFIELD

Hay

*"Here we see Hazel, who's quiet,
petite
And always, yes always, is ever so
sweet."*

Spanish Club '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Tennis Club '22-'23.

E. HAROLD CARLSON

*"Of spirit bold and free is he
A chuckling chap thus so say we."*

Radio Club '24.

KATHERINE CHAMBERS

*"Stately, commanding, you seem,
Quietly, friendly, you beam."*

Dramatic Club '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23.

PAUL W. CHAMPLIN

Paulus

*"He is no less than what we say
he is."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Radio Club '24;
Student Council '24;
Band '20-'21-'24;
Orchestra '20-'21-'24.

ANNA COWLEY

"There is no wisdom like frankness."

Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Sophomore Quill.





HELEN COY

Ginger

*"Life's a pleasant institution;
Let us take it as it comes."*

Latin Club '22;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24.

KENNETH CUTLER

Kenney

*"As a football player I'm the king,
With many helpers in my ring."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Football '21-'22-'23;
Track '22-'24.

DOROTHY DEBIE

*"What magic touch she
That from her pen such wonders e'er
could be."*

Latin Club '21;
Philomathean Club '22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Quill, Associate Editor '23-'24.

IRENE DENSMORE

Red

*"A girl who tries to do everything
and does it well."*

Dramatic Club '24;
Latin Club '23;
Normal Training Club '22-'23-'24, Vice
President '23;
Philomathean Club '22-'23;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Girl Reserves '20-'21, President '21;
Quill '23-'24;
Glee Club '21-'22;
Debate '24.

FRANCES DESKIN

*"A rose tho' mid a thousand blooms
Will never blush unseen."*

Camp Fire '24;
Dramatic Club '24;
French Club '24;
Philomathean Club '22-'23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

FRANCES DE VINE

Frankie

*"In all the years of storm and strife
I'm sure you'll dance your way thru
life."*

Shakespearean Club '24;
Spanish Club '23;
Y. W. C. A. '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Student Council '24.

MABLE DILLON

Myses

*"Not quite as solemn as you look;
Your mind to all a pleasant nook."*

Dramatic Club '20;
Latin Club '21-'22;
Glee Club '20.

BERNARD A. DINGLE

Duke

*"A man is a bundle of relation, a knot
of roots."*

LUCY EDMOND

Lucile

*"The reward of a thing well done is
to have done it."*

French Club.

MABLE EKDAHL

May

"Let us rejoice while we are happy."

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24.

ROBERT ELLISON

Bob

*"He quietly works and never shirks.
Fore! Golf is his favorite call."*

French Club '24;

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20.

JAMES FLOYD FEASTER

Fcaster

*"They say you are a melancholy
fellow."*

Spanish Club '21-'22-'24;

Football '22;

Basketball '23.

HELEN FERGUSON

*"Here's one case where pictures don't
lie*

For Helen has that rollicking eye."

Spanish Club '21-'22;

Y. W. C. A. '24.

LOWELL E. FLETCHER

Fletch

"What I can do can do no hurt to try."

Latin Club '22-'23;

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

ASTRID FREDERICKSON

*"She's quiet, little speaks
As she for wisdom seeks."*

LUCILLE FRIEDMAN

Lu

*"The smile, the grace of a comely face,
A dancing your carefree way."*

Camp Fire '20;

Y. W. C. A. '20.





MARGARET FULLER

Marge

*"Oh! That dancing smile,
Brings new friends."*

French Club '24;
Philomathean Club '22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean Club '22-'23-'24, Secretary-
Treasurer '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23-'24;
"Erminie";
Senior Quill.

ESTHER FUNK

*"Esther is quiet and coy,
But ever she's brimful of joy."*

IVA FUNK

*"She speaks, behaves and acts just as
she ought."*

CARROLL GARLAND

Kelly

*"Has a mighty brain and runs it by
himself."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21;
Basketball '22-'23.

GEORGE GEYER

Red

*"I am not lean enough to be thought
a good student."*

Student Council '22-'24;
Football '21;
Basketball '21-'22-'23-'24, Captain A Team
'23-'24;
Track '21-'22-'23-'24.

DOROTHY KATHERYN GLADIEUX

Dottie

*"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."*

Waite H. S., Toledo, Ohio.

WILLIAM B. GOFF

Bus

*"Full of wise thoughts and modern
ideas."*

Hi-Y '22-'24;
Latin Club '22;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Golf '23-'24.

HARRY GOLDENSON

Goldie

*"Just another Goldenson to get a
monogram."*

Football '24;
Basketball '23-'24;
Track '24;
Swimming '22-'23.

KENNETH GOULD

Gouly

*"All things come 'round to him who
will but wait."*

E-Epi Tan '23;
Hi-Y '23-'24;
Student Council '24;
Basketball '23.

CARL GREER

Jack

*"He's happy, he's merry,
In football he's wary."*

Football '22;
Basketball '22.

MARIE GRIFFIN

*"You softly come and softly go,
How you won us so, we scarcely
know."*

French Club '22;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20.

EARL GRIFFITH

*"Quiet waters run deep,
In truth, of fun he's a heap."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

DONALD GUTHRIE

Don

*"He holds the keys to much knowl-
edge."*

Hi-Y '21-'23-'24;
Radio Club '24;
Band '21-'23;
Chorus '24.

KYNETT HAEHLEN

*"A man of polite learning and liberal
education."*

Hi-Y '24;
Band '22-'23-'24;
Orchestra '23;
"Gypsy Rover".

HELEN HALL

"Has to be known to be appreciated."

WILLIAM HALL

Bill

*"Our Bill is a studious child.
He seldom speaks, and his manner is
mild."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Student Council '21.





WRAYNERD HAMMER

Wray

"A man with a big heart and much consideration."

Student Council '21-'22.

LLOYD HANCOCK

Shortie

"Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

Hi-Y '24;

Mathematic Club '24;

Junior Hi-Y '20;

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;

Student Council '24;

Basketball '20-'23.

LILLIAN HAST

Toots

*"She dances on fantastic toe
And never had a single foe."*

Shakespearean Club '23;

Spanish Club '21-'22-'23;

Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;

Girl Reserves '20-'21;

"Gypsy Rover";

"Erminie".

LUCIE HAYES

Micky

*"Lucie, the jolly, the friendly, the fair,
Surely, you've never had a care."*

Camp Fire '24;

Latin Club '22-'23-'24;

Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24.

MARGUERITE HEEFNER

Peg

*"I spect I growed. Don't think no-
body never made me."*

Latin Club '22;

Glee Club '21-'23.

HAROLD HENSLER

Dutch

*"As boss of stage you took the cup.
Go to it, Dutch, pep 'em up."*

Hi-Y '21-'22;

Student Council '23;

Football '24.

ROSCOE HERRINGLAKE

*"Roscoe seems to be fated
With some great work to be mated."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;

Shakespearean Club '23-'24, Vice President;

Band '22-'23-'24;

Orchestra '22-'23-'24;

Quill '24;

Debate '24;

"The Mouse Trap";

"Gypsy Rover".

WILMA HELSTROM

Shrimp

*"The Freshmen gazed; their wonder
grew
That she, tho small, could be a Sen-
ior, too."*

French Club '24;

Spanish Club '21-'22-'23, Secretary-Treasurer '22;

"Erminie".

RALPH HODLEY

*"This fisherman fishes for credits no more.
He is not out of bail, but of fisherman's lore."*

LUCILLE HOCKENBERG

Giggles

*"They say she giggles all the day
But then her grades look not that way."*

Camp Fire '24;
Dramatic Club '23-'24;
Latin Club '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Tennis Club '22.

HERALD HOCKMUTH

Vic

*"Herald is so quiet
We're never sure he's here."*

CHESTER HOLDEFER

Chet

*"A jolly good kid
Too tall to be hid."*

E-Epi Tan '22-'23-'24;
Hi-Y '22-'23-'24;
Latin '22;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Student Council '24;
Debate '23-'24;
Chorus '24;
"Peg-O-My Heart."

ROCENE HOLT

Teed

*"A saucy lassie with twinkling eye
When she approaches, how care does fly."*

Camp Fire '24;
Latin '21;
Normal Training '22-'23-'24, President '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Girl Reserves '20;
Student Council '20;
Orchestra '23;
Glee Club '21;
Chorus '20;
Life Saving Corps '23-'24.

FLOYD HUDSON

Hud

*"A very fine student we know indeed
Thereby from zeroes is he freed."*

LETHA HUNTER

Chuckles

*"Pert Letha and her winning smile,
Will yet the wary male beguile."*

Dramatic '22-'23-'24;
Latin '21-'22;
Shakespearean '22-'23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Chorus '23-'24;
Glee Club '22-'23-'24;
"Gypsy Rover;"
"Tailor-Made Man;"
"Peg-O-My Heart"—Property Manager;
"Erminie."

ELIZABETH HUTTON

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Camp Fire '23;
Y. W. C. A. '23.





MARJORIE HUTTON

Marj

*"Distinctive and dainty you are
Who came to us from afar."*

Philomathean '23-'24;
Shakespearean '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;

RUTH JACOBSON

*"She's quiet and small
And friendly to all."*

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
"Gypsy Rover";
"Erminie."

GRACE JENKINS

Speed

*"Swimming your hobby you say
And also your friends, by the way."*

Latin '24;
Y. W. C. A. '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

HALVOR JENSEN

Hal

*"Take him and use him well, he's
worthy of it."*

Latin '21;
Student Council '23-'24;
Basketball '22-'23;
Track '23-'24;
"Erminie."

CHARLES JOHNSON

Preacher

"He has more learning than appears."

Latin '21;
Mathematics '24;
Radio '24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Gravity High '22-'23.

EDNA JOHNSON

Eddie

*"To us it is quite a great wonder
Why her hopes never are torn asunder."*

Latin '22;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '22.

ELIN JOHNSON

Johnny

*"Miss Johnny has that roguish c'e
Of laughter, life, vivacity."*

Camp Fire '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '22;
Girl Reserves '22;
Quill Stenographer '24;
Glee Club '22;
Swimming '23;
Tennis '22-'23-'24;
"Twilight Alley."

MATILDA JOHNSON

Tallie

*"Your quiet presence inobtrudes,
And charms us into pleasant moods."*

Y. W. C. A. '22-'23.

NORMAN JOHNSON

*"Of peaceful nature this young man,
He doth scornfully his lessons scan."*
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

ROY JOHNSON

Johnson

"No indeed you must not be a bachelor."

TOM JONES

Tommy

*"In athletics our Tom's quite a shark
In fact he's quite a monarch."*
Hi-Y '22-'23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Basketball '22-'23-'24;
Track '24;
Golf Team '22-'23.

BERNADA JORDAN

*"To poetry is her inclination,
Here's luck to her expectation."*
Watertown, South Dakota, '21-'22-'23.

FRANCIS JOSEPH

Jo

*"A man of the hour in society gay,
May light be your troubles and pleas-
ant your way."*

LORRAINE JOSEPH

*"Dainty and quiet is she
As nice as she can be."*
Dramatic '22-'23-'24;
Latin '22;
Spanish '23.

GRETA KEAN

Shorty

"Friendships you make and never break."
Shakespearean '23;
Spanish '22-'23;
Student Council '22.

LLOYD KEELING

*"There's honor in loafing if Lloyd does
so,
We think he just said it to kid us, you
know."*





BEULAH KEENEY

Billie

*"It's the songs you sing and the smiles
you wear,
That's making the sunshine every-
where."*

Camp Fire '24;
Dramatic '23-'24;
French '24;
Shakespearean '24;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Orchestra '23-'24;
Glee Club '22-'23-'24;
Quartette '23-'24;
"Twilight Alley";
"Maid of France";
"Erminie."

ARTHUR KELLOGG

Art

*"He bids fair to grow wise,
Who has discovered that he is not so!"*

Hi-Y '24;
Latin '21-'22-'24, Vice President '24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Orchestra '23-'24.

IRENE KENTFIELD

Ikie

*"Irene, poor Irene, how sadly you'd say
I'll change my old schedule and work
hard today."*

JENNIE JUNE KERBLE

Billy

*"She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so
blessed a disposition."*

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24.

JOE KIES

*"He says that he likes loafing the best
But, gosh! He's no worse than the
rest."*

FRANCES KIRKHAM

Frankie

*"A lassie of sparkling eye
From which a glance makes bliss seem
nigh."*

Latin '23, Vice President;
Philomathean '22-'23-'24, Vice President
'23, President '23;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24, Vice President '24;
Tennis '24;
Student Council '24;
Chorus '22-'23;
"Gypsy Rover."

HOMER KRUEGER

Dutch

*"Athletic and sturdy of frame
May honors come to deck your name."*

Spanish '22;
Junior Chamber of Commerce;
Football '21-'23;
Swimming '19.

JOHN KURIZWEIL

Red

*"He is a friend who'll little say,
And be a pal along life's way."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Radio '24;
"Tailor-Made Man."

LEWIS LACY

Louie

*"He often is the wisest man
Who seems not wise at all."*

E-Epi Tan '22-'23;
Hi-Y '22-'23-'24;
Latin '22;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Spanish '23-'24.

MABEL LARSON

Mab

*"A sunny face
You're friendship's ace."*

Y. W. C. A. '23;
Student Council '23.

ENA LAZONBY

*"My gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can
wish."*

Normal Training '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

MOLLY LEPIER

Mol

*"Not laughing loud
Or like a shroud
But happily in between."*

Normal Training '22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
"Erminie";
North High School.

EDITH LINDBLOOM

Ed

*"This steadfast young lady
A friend of us all."*

Y. W. C. A. '20-'21-'23-'24.

BEATRIX LINKER

Trixie

*"A sweet little lady,
Who's truly a gem."*

French '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Liberty High School, Liberty, Illinois.
'20-'21-'22-'23.

NICHOLAS LOFFREDO

Nick

"You can realize best ideals."

Latin '22;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '22.

DONALD LOGAN

Don

*"A quiet young man
You learn as you can."*

Student Council '23;
Cedar Rapids High '20-'21;
North High '21-'22.





MANDY LONNING

*"It's not her smiles, tho' they are fair,
It's just her 'way' of chasing care."*

Normal Training '22-'23, Vice President;
Philomathean '22-'23;
Student Council '23.

ETHEL LUCAS

Sonny

*"The small little lady who's tall in
marks
That e'er made our 'sonny' the envy of
sharks."*

Dramatic '23-'24;
French '21-'22;
Philomathean '23;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23-'24;
Quill '24;
Student Council '21;
Debating '24.

PAUL MCBETH

Mac

*"A cheerful a lad
As 'E. H.' e'er had."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;
Student Council '24.

ARTHUR MCCHESEY

Art

*"Art's art has sweetly soared
From '308' and bulletin board."*

Junior Chamber of Commerce '19-'20;
Track '20-'21.

WENDELL MCDUGALL

Mac

*"A veteran cyclist whose noble brow
Will e'er seek to know just the 'when'
and 'how'."*

E-Epi Tan '24;
Latin '22;
Student Council '21-'22.

HELEN MCGLOTHLEN

Shorty

*"Shorty and 'red' and full of fun
And when that's said, it's just begun."*

Dramatic '21;
Latin '22;
Girl Reserve '21-'23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Glee Club '21;
Declamation '21.

LEORA MAE MCKEE

Mickey

*"She does her level best in all she tries
And nothing less."*

Philomathean '23;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Student Council '23-'24.

ALLISTER MCKOWEN

Mackey

*"A. J. has some dandy initials
And he's dated to be one of the higher
officials."*

Forensic '24;
Hi-Y;
Football '22.

WILLIAM McKOWEN*Bill*

*"May you always be under the three
great commanders,
The Generals Plenty, Peace, Prosper-
ity."*

Hi-Y '20;
Football '20-'22;
Basketball '20;
Track '20-'22.

ROXIE McNAY*Red*

*"She's happy the whole day through,
Her leaving we shall rue."*

Dramatic '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24, Vice President;
Chorus '24;
Glee Club '23-'24;
Quartette '23;
"Erminie."

JOSEPHINE MACAULAY*Jo*

*"A popular girlie,
A friend late and early."*

Philomathean '22-'23-'24, Vice President
'23, President '24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Quill '23-'24;
Topeka High School '21.

VERNE MANCHESTER

*"The studious life is a weary grind,
But from it comes the noble mind."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Student Council '23-'24;
Quill Bookkeeper '23-'24;
Debate '23.

MARGARET MARNETTE*Marguerite*

*"The grace of the little so white and so
pure
Long will your mem'ry in our hearts
endure."*

Philomathean '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Iowa School for the Deaf;
Quill '24;
Senior Class Poet '24.

MARJORIE MATHIS*Marge*

*"Brown eyes that all beguile
And that sweet, winning smile."*

Dramatic '22-'23-'24, President '24, Secre-
tary '23;
Shakespearean '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Senior Advisory Board;
Student Council '20-'21-'22;
Declamation '23;
"Maid of France;"
"Tailor-Made Man."

ELIZABETH MATHIAS*Lizzie*

*"Happy, gayly free,
Friendly as can be."*

Latin '21-'22;
Normal Training '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;

GLENIS E. MILLER*Gcm*

*"She's quiet, but her cherry smile
Makes the sun shine all the while."*

Camp Fire Club '24;
Normal Training '23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23;
"Gypsy Rover;"
"Erminie."





1924

EVA MINTZER

Blackie

*"A wee little lass we know,
You're charming wherever you go."*

French '24;
Latin '23;
Philomathean '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Student Council '23-'24;
Debate '24.

CLEA MISSILDINE

Clea

*"The tales those flashing eyes might tell
Of those who came and loved them
well."*

Dramatic '23-'24, Secretary '24;
French '24;
Latin '22;
Philomathean '22-'23;
Shakespearean '23.

LEAH EDDLELL MOORE

June

*"And mistress of herself tho' China
fall."*

Normal Training Club '23-'24;
Corning High School.

RUBY MORGAN

Buddy

*"The artistic and witty are few;
Thus yours is the world to imbue."*

Student Council '21-'22;
Life Saving '24;
'Erminie.'

VELMA MORGAN

Babe

*"A lover true of nature's ways;
May joy oft greet thy pensive gaze."*

Camp Fire '24;
French '24;
Philomathean '23-'24.

VIRGIL MORTON

Virg

*"Ay, ay, my lad, your dignity
May you keep, and we e'er see."*

Cedar Rapids High School '18;
North High School '19-'21.

IRENE MURROW

Rene

*"As true a girl as one could find;
She's small and sweet with a wonder-
ful mind."*

Normal Training '23-'24;
Philomathean '23;
Junior Quill '23.

LEE MUSSELL

Leo

*"He hath a stern look, but a gentle
heart."*

Forensic '23-'24;
Hi-Y '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '23;
'Tailor-Made Man.'

DOROTHY NAYLOR

Dot

*"A joyous little question mark
To whose gay tongue we'd often hark."*

Latin '22-'23;
Philomathean '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23.

HAZEL NEAL

Mary

*"Both coming and leaving she smiling
goes;
A character of happiness and not of
woes."*

Y. W. C. A. '23-'24.

DOROTHY NEIGHBOUR

Dot

*"Whatever she did was done with ease,
In her, alone, it is natural to please."*

Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

GENE NICHOLSON

Nic

*"Radio was my line;
Tuning in was fine;
But since a lady's in the case,
Everything else gives place."*

Hi-Y '23-'24;
Radio Club '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;
Swimming '20;
Electrician for plays '23-'24.

ELLIE OSTLUND

Lollie

*"Brimful of mirth to the top
Always on the hop."*

French '24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Golf '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;
Swimming '22-'23-'24;
Chorus '24;
"Erminie."

HELEN R. OSTRAND

*"Good grades may not make a woman,
But they help to get a teacher's certifi-
cate."*

Camp Fire '23-'24;
Latin Club '22-'23;
Normal Training '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

PAULINE PARK

Happy

"A peppy lass one can't surpass."

Dramatic '22-'23-'24;
Latin '21-'22-'23;
Shakespearean '22-'23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Girl Reserves '20-'21;
Student Council '22-'23;
Junior Quill '23;
Swimming '21-'22-'23;
Quill '24.

MARY LOUISE PARKS

Midge

*"Small of stature, great of mind
With her studies she's never behind."*

Latin '22-'23, Secretary-Treasurer;
Spanish '24;
Student Council '22-'23.





MADLINE A. PARSONS *Mad*
"Her light, blue eyes are like Spring
skies.
Her cheeks like some fair June rose."
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

BERTHA PEARLMUTTER *Betty*
"Bertha's hobby is to dance
And dance—and dance some more."
 Y. W. C. A. '24;
 Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

MARGARET PELTON *Margie*
"Thy grace as subtle as the breeze
That gently sways the summer trees."
 Camp Fire '24;
 Dramatic '24;
 French, President '24;
 Latin '22;
 Philomathean '22-'23;
 Golf '23-'24.

OLA PETERSON *Peggy*
"A studious maid
Will ne'er be gainsaid."
 Latin '23.

DOROTHY PITTMAN *Dot*
"In her tongue is the law of kindness."
 Spanish '21-'22-'23.
 Tennis '22.

DONALD PROUDFIT *Don*
"This kind of chap we seldom find.
We'd like many more of his kind."
 Spanish Club '23-'24.

AGNES QUICK
"Rosy cheeks and merry eyes of blue
She always has a charming smile for
you."
 French '24;
 Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
 Chorus '24;
 "Erminie."

VINA ROBERTS *Princess*
"It's not her eyes so large and blue;
It's just the way she looks at you."
 Dramatic '23-'24;
 Latin '22-'23;
 Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
 Student Council '20;
 "Masque of the Two Strangers;"
 "Gypsy Rover;"
 "Erminie."

THOMAS RODERICK

Tom

"We wish you all sorts of prosperity."
Junior Chamber of Commerce '22.

GILBERT ROGERS

Gil

"A perfect scholar and a gentleman
Gilbert will succeed when no one can."
Forensic '22-'23-'24, Treasurer '24;
Hi-Y '22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean '23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Student Council '24;
Orchestra '20-'21;
Glee Club '23;
"Peg-O-My Heart;"
"Gypsy Rover;"
"Erminie."

IDA ROSENBLOOM

"She welcomes every smile."
Camp Fire Club '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

BERNICE SAMUELSON

Speed

"A jolly good comrade to all
Though heights she has reached, she's
not tall."
Philomathean '23-'24;
Spanish '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22-'23-'24.

MARY SCHLENKER

Tootsie

"Mary's heart is always glad
Sure, 'tis because she's never sad."
Mathematics '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Student Council '23.

CLEOTUS SCHLESSELMAN

Rob

"Be silent always if you doubt your
sense,
But speak, if sure, with seeming diffi-
dence."
E-Epi Tan '22-'23;
Forensic '23, Treasurer;
Hi-Y '23-'24, Secretary;
Student Council '22-'23;
Quill '23, Advertising Manager;
Glee Club;
Quartette—Mixed—Male '22-'23-'24;
Senior Class President
"Gypsy Rover;"
"Peg-O-My Heart;"
"Erminie."

OTTO SCHMIDT

Ot

"There certainly must be hard work
in him
For none has ever come out."
Radio Club '24;
Student Council '23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20.

DOROTHY I. SELINDH

Dot

"She is young, and of noble, modest
nature."
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
Golf Club '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;
Hiking Club '23;
General Newspaper Staff '24.





MARGUERITE SHAFER

Peg

*"A lass who has friends by the score
And yet she is making the more."*

Spanish Club '22;
Student Council '23;
"Gypsy Rover".

FERNE SHELTON

Fern

*"Like her name she is modest as one
can be.
More pretty and gentle I never did
see."*

KATHLEEN SHREVES

*"The dignity of quiet ease
Will win where all else has failed to
please."*

Dramatic Club '22-'23-'24, Vice President
'24;
French Club '22;
Shakespearean Club '24;
Student Council '22-'23;
Quill '22-'23-'24.

RUTH SIMONS

*"In your eyes a touch of wistfulness
In your hand a ready helpfulness."*
Normal Training '24;
Y. W. C. A. '24.

ORLIN SPRAGUE

Slim

"Bashful? Oh, no! Merely thoughtful."
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

ROBERT STANLEY

Stan

*"Big, broad, quiet, honest Bob,
Who's always on the job."*

GUY STARKWEATHER

Starkie

*"Alas, girls! His blushing honors only
last—while he's on the stage."*

Shakespearean '24;
Spanish Club '22-'23;
Student Council '20-'22;
Declamation '23;
"Lion and the Mouse";
"Miss Civilization";
"Hawthorne of the U. S. A.";
"Pollyanna".

DOROTHY STEADY

*"Pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
As charming a girl as one could meet."*

Philomathean Club '22;
Student Council '22;
Secretary Senior Class;
"Tailor-Made Man," Property Manager;
Mechanic Arts High School '19-'20-'21-'22.

JEWELL STEWART

*"A pretty maid a live wire,
The kind of which you never tire."*

JOHN STROSNIDER

Lansing

*"He pulls a good stroke; he draws a
good bow;
And from his efforts spent, we wish
him vim and go."*

Hi-Y '21;
Radio Club '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Orchestra '22-'23-'24;
Swimming Team '22-'23-'24.

MERLE STROUD

Mutt

*"He greets the whole world with a
smile,
And the world will make it worth
his while."*

Student Council '23-'24.

CLARENCE STUART

Stuart

*"The obstacles found in the way
Check not but make you feel gay."*

Band '21-'23-'24;
Orchestra '23-'24;
Basketball '23.

ANE STUCHIS

*"She smiles so sweetly at us all;
She cares not if we're large or small."*

EDITH SUNDBERG

Deed

*"We know that this is her motto true,
Smile, smile and the world will smile
with you."*

Girl Reserves '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Swimming '23;
Tennis '23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Glee Club '22.

GLADYS SWANSON

Happy

*"As bright a lass as e'er we knew
We like it not to part with you."*

French Club '24;
Philomathean Club '23-'24. Secretary '23;
Shakespearean Club '23;
Spanish Club '21-'22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Student Council '22-'23;
Quill '23-'24;
"Gypsy Rover".

HILBERT SWANSON

Hib

*"A quiet, humorous boy,
In lessons he finds joy."*





MARJORIE SWANSON

Marje

*"Diligent ever you are;
Wisdom you seek near and far."*

Dramatic Club '23-'24;
French Club '24;
Latin Club '22;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24;
Girl Reserves '20;
Junior Quill '23;
Student Council '23-'24.

BESSIE SWARTZ

Bess

*"Be it ever so dreary,
Miss Bessie, you're cheery."*

Camp Fire '24;
Spanish Club '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24;
"May Festival".

ORREN TAIT

Si

*"If he is what his nickname implies,
He long will till the corn and rye."*

MABLE TALBOT

Mab

*"Of quiet manners; known not to be gay;
Her favorite past time is reading—
all day."*

Latin Club '21-'22;
Philomathean '23-'24;
Y. W. C. A. '22-'23-'24.

WILFORD TEMBY

Wip

*"A lad who says and does a lot;
If he wishes he— deny him not."*

Radio Club '24;
Student Council '21-'23-'24;
Band '21-'23-'24;
Orchestra '24.

RUTH THOMAS

Rufus

*"Your friendships true will always
stay,
It's simply that you have a way."*

Dramatic Club '21-'22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Spanish Club '23;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Debate '24;
Declamation Club '24;

LENNIE VAN DREW

, Van

*"What a dreary place East High
would be
If it weren't for Guy and me."*

LUCILLE VAN LIEW

Louie

*"Here's one, a friend, and one that
you know well."*

Dramatic Club '22-'23-'24;
Mathematics Club '24, Secretary;
Shakespearean Club '24;
Spanish Club '22-'23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21.

DOROTHY VIGGERS

Dordie

*"She was smiling, bright and gay
'Fore we ever learned the way."*

Latin Club '22-'23;
Girl Reserves '22-'23;
Philomathean Club '22-'23;
Y. W. C. A. '23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '22;
Swimming '23;
Tennis '23;

HELEN WARD

Mickey

*"A wee pinch of sadness
But spices your gladness."*

Latin Club '21;
Philomathean Club '21;
Y. W. C. A. '21-'22;
Student Council '22;
"Gypsy Rover".

GEORGE WEIGH

Gi

*"Day by day—you are getting more
popular."*

Tennis Club '23-'24.

RICHARD WHARTON

Dick

*"Richard is a jolly boy;
To know him is indeed a joy."*

Forensic Club '23-'24;
Hi-Y '23-'24;
Student Council '24.

CARL WHITE

Whitie

"What you have won, you will keep."

E-Epi Tan '24;
Radio Club '24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20-'21.

CATHERINE WHITE

Buddy

*"Principle is ever my motto, not ex-
pediency."*

Spanish Club '23.

LEANORE WILKINSON

Bob

*"May Dame Fortune you meet, you
daughter"*

But never Miss Fortune, her daughter."

Normal Training '23-'24.

FLORENCE WINNER

Flo

*"If it's Florence's will
We'd better keep still."*

French Club '24;
Latin '22;
Mathematics Club '24;
Y. W. C. A. '23-'24.





ELDRER WOLFORD

Woody

*"A tall and stately man is he
Who rides his flier merrily."*

Forensic Club '23-'24, Secretary '23;
Hi-Y '23-'24.

ROBERT WOOD

Bob

*"Of light brown hair and eyes of blue,
Bob Wood will help if you want him
to."*

Forensic Club '22-'23-'24, President '23;
Hi-Y '21-'22-'23-'24;
Shakespearean Club '22;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Student Council '21-'24, Vice President '24;
Band '21-'22-'23-'24;
Football '22;
Chorus '23-'24;
"Gypsy Rover";
"Tailor-Made Man";
"Erminie";
Orchestra '22-'23-'24.

JOHN WOODMANSEE

Jabez

*"If he has any faults he leaves us in
doubt."*

*In all the four years we have not
found them out."*

Forensic Club '22-'23-'24, President '24;
Hi-Y '21-'22-'23-'24, Vice President '24;
Shakespearean Club '22-'23-'24, President
'22;
Spanish Club '22-'23;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '21;
Student Council '21-'22-'23, President '23,
Secretary-Treasurer '22;
"Gypsy Rover";
"Tailor-Made Man";
"Proposal Under Difficulties";
"Hawthorne of the U. S. A.";
"Christmas Boxes";
"Erminie".

DONALD WOODWARD

Don

*"He may yet swim to country dim
And blaze his name around its rim."*

BERTHA YOUNG

Bert

*"May this charming Miss
Ne'er happiness miss."*

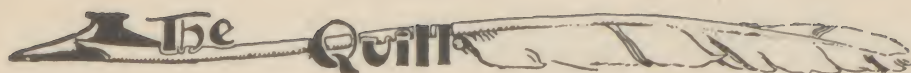
Y. W. C. A. '24.

ROBERT YOUNG

Bob

*"A worker in school and out
Of prosperous future no doubt."*

Forensic Club '23-'24, Secretary '24;
Hi-Y '23-'24, President;
Latin Club '21-'22;
Mathematics Club '24;
Shakespearean Club '23-'24;
Junior Chamber of Commerce '20;
Student Council '22-'23-'24;
Band '21-'22-'23;
Quill '23;
Basketball '23-'24;
Senior Advisory Board;
"Peg-O-My Heart";
"Tailor-Made Man".



OUR APPRECIATION OF EAST HIGH SCHOOL

The Class of 1924 has come to the end of its high school career. We are now looking back upon a period of time which will doubtless prove to be one of the most delightful experiences of our lives. Think what East High has done for us, what she has given us—the very foundation of our success.

Do we not remember that first day here when we came as staring and bewildered Freshmen? The vastness of the school itself, the idea that this was to be our new home for the next four years, was almost beyond our comprehension. The world seemed so great; our own importance in it seemed greater still. We felt as though we had at last reached a degree of understanding with the world. We seemed about to embark upon an era of great things—and we did.

Beneath all this bewilderment were our ideals and our own thoughts. Ideals prompt us to higher and yet higher thoughts, and if we permit them, they will mould our characters until we echo the lines of our poet:

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."*

If our ideals mount to great heights, all we need is the incentive to carry them out. We often dream of the things we should like to do and the great things we hope to accomplish. Where can one find a greater incentive than thought and its connection with ideals? And here we find the value of our school, to train us that we may be able to do the work in life for which we are best fitted.

When we first arrived at East High do you remember how we looked up to the Seniors? They seemed so superior to us that we envied them; they seemed so masterful and capable of handling any situation which might arise; they were courteous to us; it pleased us to think that they were taking an interest in Freshmen, and we longed to be like them. Are we?

It is constant training and careful observation that makes a real man or woman that which he or she longs to be. Where would we be in school, or in the eyes of our fellowmen, had we not imitated some of the pleasing traits of our school-mates and most of all of our teachers? To organization and cooperation we owe the best we can give, for it is through them that we have learned.

The cost of acquiring an education is not one-tenth so great as the cost of ignoring our life's foundation. Every individual here realizes the importance of the foundation of a building. How long would our beautiful Capitol stand erect without a firm foundation! Just so, any pupil might be able to make a flaring start and a big splutter without an education, but what of his stability?

In the course of our school career we have fumed and become heated over studies upon which we could see no reason for spending time. They seemed so useless, so out of date, that we made ourselves believe they were of no use whatever for our proposed vocation. But now, because we had to think to get those required lessons, each mind is a workshop and a storehouse. We no longer listen exclusively to the ideas of others; we often formulate our own. We are prepared to meet any proposition squarely; we have learned to use the greatest treasure which God gave to man.

In unity there is strength and the ability to carry out great projects. Could our athletic teams, our debaters, and our speakers work successfully if the school was not united and standing firmly behind them? We may answer that question

The Quilt

for ourselves. Do we think that we could have learned anything worth while had there been ill feeling between us and our classmates?

We came to East High with the purpose of securing an education; we are leaving with a wider vision and higher ideals. May East High be proud of us! She has made us self-reliant; she has given us the equipment with which to undertake the greatest adventure of our lives.

And now that we have told you what we have gained, we wish to express a few of the things we hope East High will bring to each succeeding class. What the school has given to us, we hope she will in turn give to you.

Perhaps the greatest asset we can hope that you will gain will be to see and to judge yourselves. As soon as you can acquire this, you will gain self-confidence and will not be afraid to undertake hard things—a great point in the upbuilding of character.

In your school career you will meet many petty problems and difficult situations. East High will give you the ability to face these squarely, for you will be given a thorough training here. Success hinges upon the courage to stand up under the strain of life and progress. If you have the ability to stand alone, unaided, and battle toward your goal, your success is assured; but should you drift with the tide it may never be reached. You must have the grit and the courage to stand by your own ideals when they are being tested in the crucible of life. And for that great part of character building accomplished during your high school course, you must thank those teachers who so willingly give you a part of themselves, that the structure may be strong and firm. At times they may not even be appreciated, but they see the vision toward which you are struggling. They alone know the short cuts and bypaths which will tempt you. In the most difficult problems you will always find them ready to lend a helping hand. You will rise again, and triumphantly smiling, you will realize that a life lived the best that is in you is nobler than one without a struggle.

Years ago when East High was small, the school authorities had her interest at heart and had the foresight to promote only those ideals that would go down in her history as a genuine benefit to the school. It was their policy to discourage any element that would create discrimination. Recognition was based upon the ability to do, and the spirit in which the service was done, irrespective of race, sex, or creed. As the years have passed, East High has gained the distinction of being a very democratic school. May you succeed in ever sustaining this fine spirit!

As our school has enfolded us within her spirit of friendliness, with a democracy broad enough to include each of our two hundred, so we desire to place this mantle upon one of the student body as a symbol, not only of what the school has given us, but as a symbol of her care and guardianship over your lives. With it we pledge our loyalty to the high standards that have been set before us here. May it pass on unsullied to generation after generation of students, sincere and earnest, who will inscribe their numeral upon it with pride and loyalty.

Class Committee:

CLEOTUS SCHLESSELMAN, President
MARJORIE SWANSON
HILBERT SWANSON
MARJORIE AMSDEN

Delivered by Cleotus Schlesselman.



A SENIOR TRAGEDY

ACT I

SCENE: *The Photographer*

Characters: Any Senior Girl
Her Especial Chum
The Photographer

Time: Any day

- A. S. G. (before large mirror): I really think that my hair looks nice don't you?
I do hope it takes well.
- H. E. C.: Move that curl there further in front. It's so cute. There! That looks mean. Now if it would only stay that way.
- T. P. (from studio): Ready, miss?
- A. S. G.: Yes, just a minute. (Entering studio.) Now I don't want my freckles to show. How much do you charge for removing them?
- P.: Please sit there. One moment, please. Turn your head just a little and hold your chin up. (Action—setting taken.)
- A. S. G.: I hope they will be good. I usually take such good pictures. But I think it all depends on whether the subject is good looking or not. Don't you?
- P.: I think that will be all. Your proofs will be ready by day after tomorrow.
- A. S. G.: All right. Don't forget the freckles. They really do spoil my type of beauty.

Curtain

ACT II

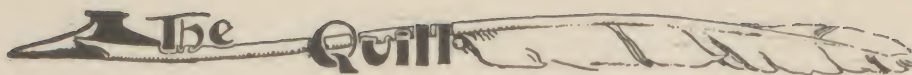
SCENE: *Front corridor at school*

Characters: Same Senior Girl
Her Especial Chum
A Sarcastic Acquaintance
Friends
A Reformed Hardened Observer

Time: Before 8:30 or the lunch periods.

(Main Action: S. S. G. showing friends proofs.)

- S. S. G.: Oh! I have my proofs. The photographer said he didn't see how such a pretty girl could take such a terrible picture.
- A. S. A. Let me tell one now.
- H. E. C.: I really don't think they're so bad, do you?
- A. S. A.: She has one consolation. They couldn't be worse.
- S. S. G.: So many people have told me that I was better looking than the proofs. What do you think?
- A. S. A.: Where have I heard that bunk before?
(S. S. G. turns away to show proofs to some other unwilling victim.)
- A. S. A. Well, how on earth does she expect to take a good picture with a mug like hers? If I were as homely as she is, I'd go drink ink.
(S. S. G. goes to A. R. H. O. to have her give her opinion of her proofs.)
- A. R. H. O. (who deigns to tell a lie, picking out the worst proof): I think that one most resembles you.
- S. S. G.: Everybody thinks this is the best. (Picking out the best one.)
- A. R. H. O.: Well, that is the best looking, but it doesn't look like you.
- S. S. G.: O well, I shall probably take that one in the end. I haven't decided yet.
(S. S. G., as a natural conclusion, picks out the one that least resembles her and in that choice shows her intelligence, considering her face.)



A TRIP THROUGH EAST HIGH

Hear ye! Hear ye! You are now beginning on this tour which will enlighten so many of you. It compares favorably with a trip through Europe or any other continent of the universe.

There is no need of my mentioning especially the beautiful exterior of this marvelous building—the smooth, green lawn, large old trees and broad stone steps, because they all speak for themselves. Notice, however, the fine motto, “For the Service of Humanity.” It expresses the highest aims and desires of the twenty-six hundred students who attend this school.

And here we are. You notice first of all that fine trophy case to your left. The school is justly proud of these numerous cups and other honors. The young gentleman standing there, gazing so absorbedly, is inspecting not the awards, but his own personal appearance in the fine large mirror to the back. I am told that the mirror is the attraction of all—Freshmen to Seniors, inclusive—and you will admit it shows that young man up.

The little benches to your right are for the “lovelorn.” It is here that the young ladies and gentlemen, always properly chaperoned, hold their tete-a-tetes. There are two fair young students enjoying its comfort now. They are probably holding serious conference, because someone told me that they hold their social conversations on the davenport in the little reception room, which we shall visit later.

To your left again is the very busy office scene. The young man is Vice Principal Mr. Prichard. He is capable of giving exceptional lectures, I have heard it said. The tall, dignified man is the principal and respected adviser, Mr. A. J. Burton. He is fond of telling jokes and stories, and could keep you entertained for hours, if there was time.

We must pass on! In this north corridor both English and History are taught by numerous fine and interested teachers. You’ll all be especially interested in the Chemistry Laboratory here at this end. Miss Church presides, but I am told that the atmosphere is rarely churchlike, but rather interesting.

In this south hall French and Mathematics hold sway.

This little reception room with its admired girls’ adviser reigning is the pride of the school. Do not the flowers, soft hangings, and period furniture make the room interesting? We will now proceed to the third floor where we shall find the Department of Stenography.

Many of you are wondering at those queer noises. No, the victrola is not for dancing. The business department is here at this end of the corridor. Large numbers of the students are preparing to be “somebody’s stenog,” and are now typing to music.

The paintings to your right are on exhibition; they are the work of Miss Macy, who teaches Art at East High. Watch your step; the corridor is highly waxed for a dance; frequently school parties are held here in the evenings.

To your left? Oh, this is the Little Theater, where dramatic art is taught by Mrs. Christine Corey Miller. Much talent is developed here. O, yes, club meetings of all kinds are held in this room, too, during the afternoons.

You hear funny noises, undoubtedly, issuing from the band room. This school is fortunate in having a music instructor who is both competent and willing. East High has an orchestra and band, not to mention glee club, quartette, trio; in addition, music classes are conducted daily. Of course, they’re only practicing now, as is readily heard. They get better as the season goes on and play and sing for many of the school features and assemblies.

We will next pass on to the gymnasium, and on the way watch a few of our barnyard golf enthusiasts do their stuff. We are lucky. You see the champion.



Homer Krueger, about to fling the mule's slipper. A ringer. No! on the wrong peg, about six yards away.

We will now take in the gymnasium. Note the absence of dumb-bells. They are all over in their classes. We will journey downstairs to the swimming pool. No! not fish; just George Turbett and Basil Plummer running a race. A class is now entering upstairs, so we will go up. If Mr. Hoyt would do all the things that he tells his classes to do, he wouldn't be our giant coach anymore. Note the piano. Many dances have been held in this gymnasium by different clubs in the school. We will go downstairs and go through the tunnel. It is not as dark or smoky as most tunnels. The main reason is that we have light in this tunnel, and no fire to make smoke.

We are now coming to the end of our tour. There are many other places of interest in and around East High but you will have to take another day for that. If you have enjoyed this tour tell your friends. If not, don't say so.

WHERE THE TABLES ARE TURNED

ACT I

SCENE: *Freshman Algebra Class*

Time: First hour class—November 6, 1920

Characters: Miss Knauer and the Class

Miss Knauer: Class will come to order, please. Does everyone have his book with him?

Elin Johnson: I didn't bring mine, teacher. I lost my locker key and couldn't get it.

Miss Knauer: Please go to the office after a master key, then to your locker and get it. You may make up the time it takes you to go after 2:30 this afternoon.

Lowell Fletcher enters five-fourths minutes late.

Miss Knauer: Where have you been, Lowell?

Lowell Fletcher: Mother forgot to call me this morning.

Miss Knauer: You may stay after 2:30 also.—!!! Raymond Arenburg, do I see you chewing gum?

Ray Arenburg: Yes, teacher, just a little. I didn't have any breakfast yet.

Miss Knauer: Take it out immediately and come up here where I can watch you. Don't put it in your handkerchief! Here's a waste basket.

How many pupils have the lesson for today?

Everyone with the exception of Clarke Baridon raises his hand.

Miss Knauer: Clarke, don't you have your Algebra?

Clarke Baridon: No, teacher. My little sister was sick and I had to take care of her. In the afternoon I washed windows, so I didn't have time. I'm sorry.

Miss Knauer: Yes, so am I, but that doesn't get the lesson. Will you please remain a minute after the class is dismissed?

Allister McKowen, are you whispering? I thought so. Go to the front board and put the sixth problem on.

Allister busies himself drawing pictures of the teacher behind her back and then erasing them. Gilbert Rogers, sitting behind the biggest girl in the class, Dorothy DeBie, searches in vain for a rubber band. Finally, in despair, he borrows the one which Dorothy Viggers is chewing on and takes careful aim at Allister. Far better not to have aimed at all, for right on the end of Miss Knauer's nose landed that luckless paperwad.

Miss Knauer: Who shot that? Well, speak up.

Gilbert Rogers: It was me, teacher.

Miss Knauer: It was I.

The Quilt

Gilbert Rogers: But it was not you, it was me.

Miss Knauer: Please take this note and go to Mr. Warren's office. It's right at the end of this hall.

Gilbert Rogers: Yes, thank you. (End of this hall indeed. What? The note or the office?)

Miss Knauer: Allister, haven't you finished that problem yet? What?? You can't get it. Why didn't you say so before when I asked?

Allister Mc: I didn't hear you, teacher. I was getting my English lesson. You see, I went to a party and didn't have any time.

Miss Knauer: What a tragedy! At a party without any time. You also have the privilege of remaining after class. Now does every other person in this room have every one of the problems for today? If not, please raise your hand.

Every hand in the room goes up with the exception of Chester Holdefer's and Robert Young's.

Miss Knauer: That being the case, as I thought it was in the beginning, I will assign a double lesson for tomorrow. Problems 1 through 75.

Miss Knauer: The class may start working on the lesson, now.

Dismissal bell rings, after a short time.

Miss Knauer: Class stand. Right face. Forward march. Not so fast, Kathleen Shreves. Don't run, Margaret Pelton. The entire class will remain tomorrow the 9th period if anyone does not have his lesson.

We have always regarded and treated the teachers as our superiors. We have submitted to all cruel treatment which they have imposed upon us without argument, as you have readily seen while reading Act I.

But how many times have we thought what fun it would be if the tables were turned and we, as Seniors, were superiors? In Act II, we shall try to depict by a few scenes what that kind of school life would represent. We ask those persons without imaginations to read no further.

ACT II—SCENE I

Time: Anytime in the morning before school

Place: On front steps for morning exercises

Mr. Gilbert: What do you wish to sing this morning?

Unanimously: Let's sing the National Anthem.

All stand and sing "Yes, we have no bananas."

Kathleen Shreves and Margaret Pelton: Let's sing "Barney Google" and "Runnin' Wild."

All cheer and sing the songs mentioned.

Chester Holdefer: We will now dance on the front walk. Those who don't dance may find other diversions.

Some dance and others who cannot dance indulge in mumbo peg, marbles, radio, riding bicycles on lawn, and other games.

Bell rings.

Ray Arenburg: This will conclude the morning exercises for yesterday. We held tomorrow's yesterday, and will hold today's tomorrow.

All leisurely make their way into the class rooms.

SCENE II

Time: Just following Scene I

Place: In corridor

Donald Guthrie turns corner on high and runs into Glenis Miller, knocking all the books from her hands. . . .

Glenis Miller: Oh, you terrible thing. Now you pick those all right up.

Gives him a resounding slap and pulls out half of his hair.

The Quill

Donald Guthrie: Er-r-r- I-I-I- b-b-be—g-g-g—Ow! leggo of my hair. I say! —y-o-o-u-u-r p—ardon, but it w-as—Wow. Listen to reason, will you?—an ae-e-cident.

Glenis: Yes, you villain you! That's an old story! You were mad because I wouldn't dance with you this morning at yesterday's morning exercises.

Donald Guthrie walks off muttering: Women haven't a shade of reason!

Kenneth Gould: Movie tickets! Tickets to the great Movie "Which has the Most Brains, the Flea or the Mosquito?" Only six left! Only five dollars a piece—no refunds! Who wants tickets?

Dorothy Viggers
Dorothy DeBie
Elin Johnson
Margaret Fuller
Guy Starkweather
Ralph Hoadly

} This way with the tickets. We want six.

They wait fifteen minutes for show to start.

Kenneth Gould: I'm sorry to announce that you will not have the pleasure of determining which has the most brains, the flea or the mosquito. Homer Krueger, who was to have run the picture machine, has gone to sleep in the booth and he has locked the door, we cannot awaken him. No refunds!

Angry murmurs from those who had bought tickets.

Elin Johnson: Might know we couldn't see a decent show for such a ridiculously low price. I was suspicious at first.

Margaret Fuller: Huh! Where did we hear that before? Why did you buy a ticket, then, if you were suspicious?

Elin Johnson: Oh, just wanted to get rid of some small change that was in my way.

Exennt, heading for stairway, marching to the tune of Homer K.'s snoring, which could be heard all over the building.

SCENE III

Time: Just following Scene II

Place: Mr. Bakalyar's Math. Class

Enter pupils, deposit gum in waste basket at entrance, and receive fresh supply at desk. Then all take seats, each having secured a generous supply of ammunition in the form of chalk-saturated erasers.

Enter Mr. Bakalyar, dodging erasers successfully, in most cases; and takes seat.

Mr. Bakalyar: You may all pass to the board and work the first six problems.

Ray Arenburg: Mr. Bakalyar, we will not work these problems until you give us higher grades. We unanimously voted to go on strike——(chokes on gum)——n-u-ntil you give us higher grades.

Everyone diverts himself by various amusements. Some tear up seats and move them into hall so they can dance.

Gilbert Rogers starts hostilities by shooting paper wads at Mr. Bakalyar without missing, the whole bunch participates in eraser fight until all erasers have been lost out of windows. In the meantime Floyd Hudson and Lee Mussell have attached their pocket radios to the picture moulding and to their ears for ground.

Floyd Hudson: I have station CAT. What luck have you?

Lee Mussel (sitting in draft from window): I'm getting Chile (chilly).

Floyd Hudson: That's nothing, I hear a man frying eggs in a boiler factory in London.

The Quill

In the meantime hot words are heard from corner where Dorothy Viggers and Virian Newman have congregated. Dorothy V. is rubbing industriously at a black smear on each cheek.

Dorothy Viggers: You did ! ! ! !

Vivian Newman: I did not ! ! !

Dorothy Viggers: You dare say you didn't mix the shoe polish with my rouge???

Robert Young, in a voice convulsed with laughter: I cannot tell a lie, I did it when you were dancing. I wanted to polish my shoes and as I do not use liquid blacking I had to make a paste.

Gets remainder of contents of polish bottle square in his face.

Enter Lowell Fletcher, one-half hour late.

Mr. Bakalyar: Why are you late, Lowell? Not that I care, I am only curious.

Lowell Fletcher: Curiosity once killed a cat. Well, I was trying to sell Mr.

Burton some stock in a firm manufacturing dumbbells.

Mr. Bakalyar: Did you succeed?

Lowell Fletcher: No, I did not. He said he was already at the head of such a firm.

A crowd congregates about a spot where Allister McKowan and Arthur Kellogg are loudly disputing the question of whether a hole six feet deep and four feet square contained more dirt than a hole twelve feet deep and six feet square. They finally decide to settle the debate by a wrestling match. Arthur K. wins, and it is decided that a hole six feet deep and four feet square contains the most dirt.

Bell rings and servants, consisting of members of faculty, serve lunch before the students go to next class.

Bell rings—

Exeunt singing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

CLASS PROPHECY—1924

PERSONNEL

1. Radio Expert..... HAROLD CARLSON
2. Ship Captain..... MARGARET FULLER
3. Professor Kirkham, B.F.A., Dr.Philol., D.L., Ph.D. FRANCES KIRKHAM
4. Professor McKowen, E.M., B.Se., LL.B., D.C.L. ALLISTER MCKOWEN
5. College Chum..... LEE MUSSELL
6. President of Aereomotor Company..... GILBERT ROGERS

Setting:

The action takes place on board ship about seven hundred and fifty miles out of New York. The party is bound for a lost island which is just beginning to appear above the sea. The time is the spring of the year 1945.

Lee Mussell: I say, old fellow, isn't it charming weather we're having? Wasn't it good of Gil, the motor magnate, to give us the chance to go with him?

Allister Mc: Yes, it surely was. Think of old Gilbert Rogers, the youthful poet, becoming Gilbert Rogers, president of the Roger's Aereomotor Company. Besides improving my health, it is an honor to get a chance to take a trip with a billionaire.

Lee Mussell: Say, by the way, what do you think of the motor the old chap has devised? I think that it will revolutionize the modern world, myself.

Allister Mc: The idea of making a motor that will run on air has been in my head for quite some time; but he beat me to it. What do you say to a stroll around the deck?

Lee Mussell: Fine. This ship is one of the most modern, up-to-date vessels which the Fletcher ship building corporation has turned out. Just think! Sixty knots per hour and it's controlled all by wireless.

The Quill

Gilbert Rogers: Feeling seasick yet? No? Well, then, what do you say to a little swim? We can have Captain Margaret Fuller slow down and then there is no possible chance of drowning for Carl Greer's electrical life saver will keep us up. What do you think of the idea, Professor Kirkham?

Frances Kirkham: Oh, can we do it? It would be lots of fun.

Lee Mussell: But Allister can't go on account of his late illness.

Gilbert Rogers: That's right. Well then, Allister, let's play a game on the electrical checkerboard which was devised for Lorraine Callen.

Frances K. (to Lee): What do you think I heard over our radio this afternoon?

Lee Mussell: Couldn't guess to save my life.

Francis K.: Clarence Stuart was just appointed Secretary of State under President Lewis Lacy.

Lee M.: Good for Clarence. Let's tune in on my new watch radio set which was manufactured and patented by the Neighbor and Shelton Electrical Company, and listen to a selection by Herringlake's Band. Hello—this is a new one on me. Who is it?

Frances K.: Why it's Earl Griffith giving a lecture from Dingel's law school on how to translate the Tait Bill.

Margaret F.: Pardon me, sir, but the control is broken and we can't proceed until it is repaired.

Gilbert R.: What's that? We have to stop? Get in touch with the Garland, Fredrickson, and Chambers Electrical Company and have them send their radio-activity expert, Harold Carlson at once, by means of the invisible train.

Margaret R.: Aye, aye, sir.

Lee M.: Say, old topper, what's this bally invisible train you speak of?

Gilbert R.: It is one of Kynett Haehlen's latest inventions enabling one to transform his body into radio waves and be sent by wireless to some distant point.

Allister Me: Oh, say, Prof. Kirkham, did you know that Lucille Van Liew has an electrical laboratory in St. Louis where she employs Irene Kentfield, Wayne Baird, Mabel Larson, and Eva Mintzer as her assistants under the direction of the Nick Loffredo Electrical Company?

Lee Mussell: Honestly? Say, just look at the pile of letters I received at the dock. Oh, here's one from Cleta Missildine saying that she and Hazel Neal and Velma Morgan have started a shoe factory in Adrianville, Montana. Here's another from Gene Nicholson. What in the world? Say! Here's something I missed. Gene has been acclaimed the greatest sculptor of the century and he has taken the heads of London and Paris society, Jewel Stewart and Dorothy Naylor, by storm. He has established homes built by Sprague and Schmidt, contractors, in both London and New York. He says that he was driving to New York the other day in his new Ekdahl Airmosine when he met Tom Jones patrolling the air highway just out of the city. By the way, had you heard that Robert Stanley and Kathleen Shreves have started a flying circus for a round-the-world trip? They are using the Stroud-Parsons Airplane.

Frances K.: Hello. Here is Harold Carlson, the radio expert.

Harold C.: Why hello, everybody. What are you laughing at, Lee?

Lee Mussell: Do you mean to tell me that you could be condensed to be sent through the air?

Harold C.: Well, it seems like a miracle but it was done.

Gilbert R.: I want you to see what you can do to the controlling apparatus, Harold. (Harold—exit.)

Allister Me: Say, what do you think I found yesterday?

Gilbert R.: Couldn't guess on a rainy day.

The Quill

Allister Mc: I found an article in the London Times, edited by Dorothy DeBie, which said that Frances Deskin had just been appointed minister to France.

Lee Mussell: What do you know about that?

Gilbert R.: Say, what struck me as funny, though, was that Bob Young was appointed Chief of Police under Ellie Ostlund, back in old Des Moines. I just heard it lately. Who could have imagined Ellie as a city commissioner?

Frances K.: That reminds me. Allister has just been given a patent for a door which controls the eruption of Vesuvius.

Gilbert R.: Congratulations, old fellow.

Allister Mc: Say, Gil, now you will have to buy another ship to be in style, for Paul Champlin has just completed a new type of ship which is being manufactured by the Devine and Ellison Ship Building Company. Not to change the subject, but I heard the other day that John Woodmansee was wheeling a baggage truck at the Union Depot in Des Moines.

Lee Mussell: That makes me think of Bob Wood. I nearly fell over when I found him driving my taxi to the McDongal and Goff Hotel in Philadelphia last week.

Harold C.: Well, here I am back again. It was merely a small adjustment needed in the Goldenson condensing rheostat.

Gilbert R.: We've been talking old times this afternoon. Would you like to join us?

Harold C.: I'll be glad to. Have any of you heard from Dorothy Steady since she put it over on the Wall Street men?

All: What???

Harold C.: Why, she broke three of the most outstanding men on Wall Street, Donald Guthrie, John Strosnider, and Chester Holdefer.

Gilbert R.: Gracions!! I always knew she could break men's hearts but I hadn't heard of her financial wizardry.

Lee Mussell: By the way, Professor Kirkham, I heard by this morning's radio report that Margaret Pelton and Edna Johnson have established a delicatessen in New York City.

Frances K.: Do you all remember Arthur Kellogg? I saw his name on a billboard of the Lindquist and Kurtzwell Circus. He was posted as their star clown.

Gilbert R.: By jove, people, I'm nearly famished. What do you say to a good meal?

Lee Mussell: Sounds interesting.

Frances and Allister: Fine!

Lee Mussell: Some people who appear entirely wrapped up in their work do at times show glimmerings of common sense.

Captain: When do you wish dinner served, sir?

Gilbert R.: At six forty-five. (Looking at watch.) Yes, that will be in fifteen minutes. At six forty-five.

Captain: Aye, aye, sir.

Gilbert R.: I have prepared a treat for you people in the form of this dinner. May I recall the menu? Let's see now, we'll have: Bishop cream of tomato soup, Borg's swiss steak, Parsons' potatoes and Gould gravy, Johnson's cherry salad, Macbeth's bread, McChesney butter, Morton's ice cream, Edward and Peterson cake and Pearlmutter candies—Oh, yes, I forgot, Keeling coffee.

All together: Oh, but that sounds interesting.

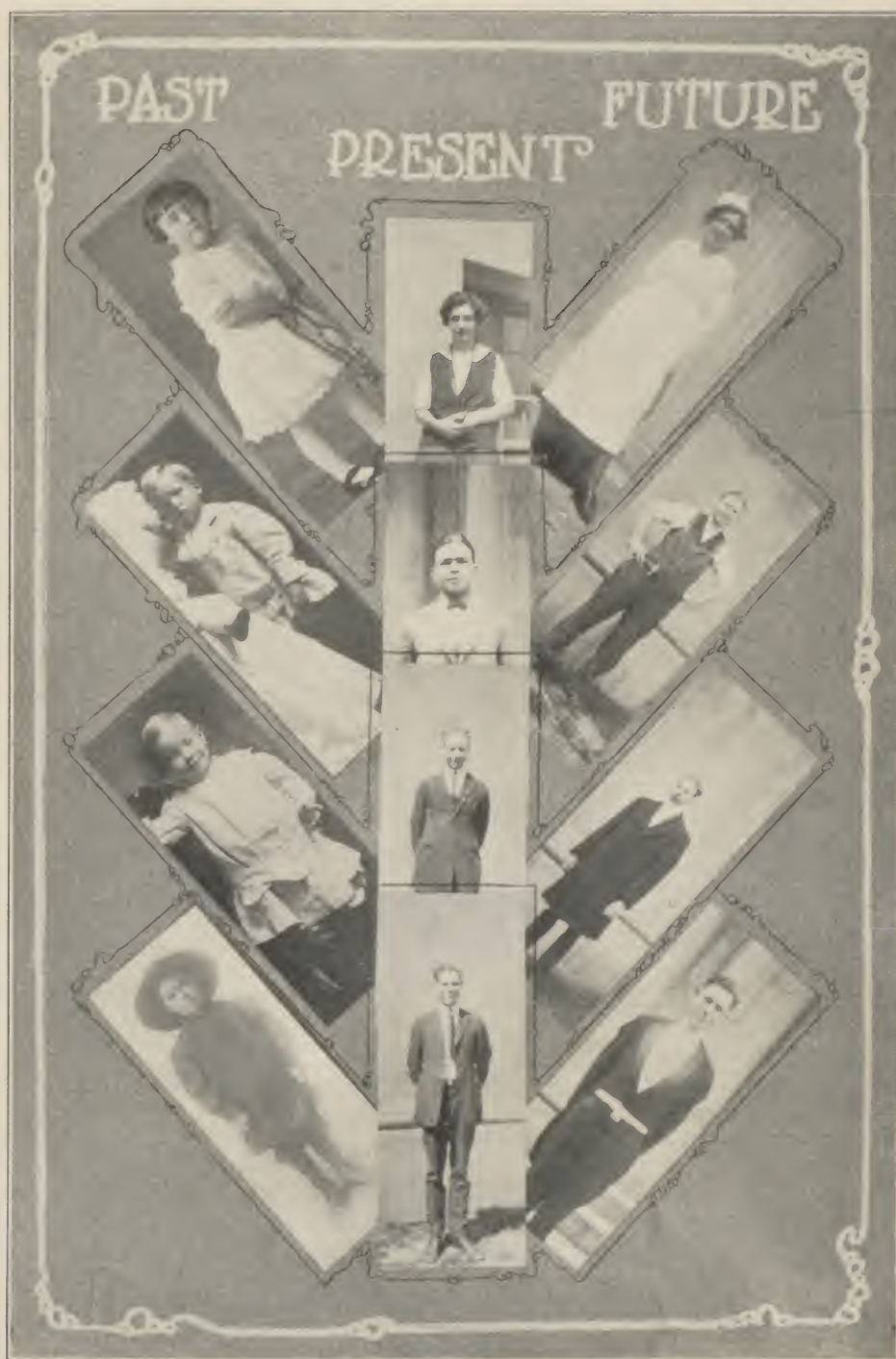
Gilbert R.: (Looks at watch.) It's just six forty-five. Come on everyone. May I have the pleasure of sitting by you, Professor Kirkham?

GILBERT ROGERS

Assisted by

FRANCES KIRKHAM

MARGARET FULLER



Quilliam says:

THE sheik was especially courageous for coming to East High in Leap Year.

“SKILLFUL manenvering takes long days of practice.”—(An extract from “Freshman On the Stairs”).

PUBLIC speaking took a spurt as the Clean-up Campaign progressed.

WE believe in making as many people happy as possible. Does anyone know a good joke on Mr. Burton?

GLADYS SWANSON suggests that Mr. Peterson should provide lemonade and straws, so that the class may prove the suction experiment to their own satisfaction.

SOME few students do pick up paper but none of them are Seniors. Their heads are too high in the air to ever see it.

WAS it wise in Miss McBride to ask if her Seniors would recommend Carlyle's *Essay On Burns* to fnture classes *after* the former had read it?

DOROTHY L-Z-E- admits she would rather be herself than a Senior!

WE'D as soon write a theme as sign all the memory books coming to school this last six weeks.

DURING a Senior meeting, Mr. Hostetter informed Miss Pritchard that she had said enough.

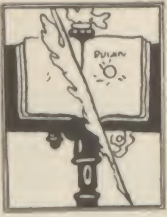
IS Physics *Dull*?

HAVE you heard the latest? It's not “raspberries” or “apple sauce” now, it's “dishwater.”

IF the average Senior really knew as much as he thinks he does, the building could not accommodate more than ten per cent of its present inhabitants.

THE gum coupons around the halls may win a Ford, but they'll never help to win a clean-up campaign.

ADDED to all of their other responsibilities, the Seniors are considering a plan to be left with Mr. Burton for his aid in conducting school next year.



Editorial



A MATTER OF TRADITION

"Oh, it's a tradition, tradition of the school." Have you ever heard the above expression? Does it mean anything to you? Does it stir latent emotions in the deepest fibres of your being? Have you ever stopped to think of this or ask yourself these questions? There are definite reasons why a new school cannot rise to the heights of achievement attained by a school rich in past victories and glorious traditions. It is the deep, surging flood of emotions inspired by these traditions that enables each new-found, unfledged representative of the school to do his bit and bear farther the banner of success.

If one were to ask a Freshman to explain what caused him at times to thrill with emotion, and what caused his jaw to set with determination, all the while his eyes seem to look but see nothing as his mind's eye gazes into the four years stretching out into the future, he would probably flush and say he didn't know. But those of us who are pacing out the last steps of our journey through this little democracy of high school know and understand because we, too, have thrilled and have found ourselves. This intangible something we now know as tradition. As we allow our imaginations to rove over the customs and events of the past, then it is that we feel the passion to achieve, inspired by that elusive spirit.

It is that force that has energized in East High the spirit of unity and patriotism to the school which has in turn been the foundation on which the only High School Alumni Association of the city has grown up, which has brought about the adoption of a standard Senior Pin so that East High graduates over all the world may be identified as members of one body, which has built up the confidence of the student body in the faculty as friends and helpers, not enemies, and which has caused East High to become nationally famed as a school which backs up a losing team with all the fervor that is usually accorded by other schools only to the most successful winning teams. It is with these things in mind that the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four are introducing a custom which they hope will become a tradition, namely: that of passing from one Senior Class to the succeeding one a mantle which will symbolize afresh the confidence of those who are graduating in the ability of their successors to play their parts equally well in activities, old and new, as the scenes and circumstances change from year to year.

HOPE

Hope is the life-sustaining spark. We hope and live in that hope. When hope has gone life has gone.

Hope breeds love; love breathes life, but when hope rises in the heart of an ambitious student he does not sit idly by, waiting for it to pass into the state of reality. It becomes a vitalizing spark, supercharged with the determination to tolerate no delay in reaching its ultimate goal.



The man who said, "Ambition is the seat of success," spoke truly. But speaking thus, he thought not of the generating motive. For what is ambition but hope more advanced in form?

Imagine a boy; he watches the erection of a huge building. It holds his admiration and he hopes to be able to have a part in such an undertaking when he has reached the state of manhood. Years roll by and his hope crystallizes into a definite purpose and ambition. Hope has claimed its own.

AN APPRECIATION

Music is the one art which makes some appeal to everyone. A person may not be able to read or write, he may not have time to study great paintings as they must be studied in order to be appreciated, but music will touch some responsive chord in his heart.

Our East High Music Department rarely receives the credit due it for its service to the school. It is called upon on any and every occasion, but little consideration is given to the time and effort of its members. The general attitude would indicate that Mr. Gilbert simply winds up his musicians as he might a phonograph.

Occasionally a few strains of music float out to the rest of us and we say to each other, "The orchestra is practicing." Or perhaps we ask Mary to go down town after school. "I can't," replies Mary, "I have orchestra practice." The Dramatic Club puts on one of its always good productions. Before the play, between acts, and after the curtain has gone down for the last time that evening, the orchestra is "on the job." A special assembly has been planned, but it is not complete without the orchestra. One of the clubs is giving a party and wants music for dancing, "I'm sure the orchestra will come."

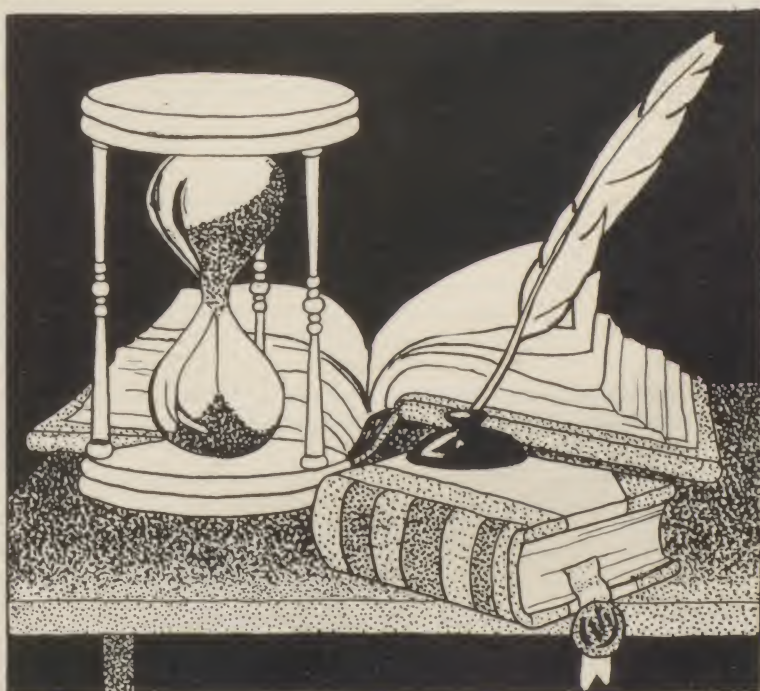
We appreciate the service of Mr. Gilbert and his department, but we take it too much for granted, forgetting that East High has not always had someone to give his entire time to music.

FRIENDSHIP

What are our high school courses in East High meaning to us? What have they meant to our graduates? Yes, it is true, as our teachers tell us, that we are laying a foundation for our future success, but somehow that foundation doesn't seem to mean so much to us, since we just take that part of our education for granted. No, the foundation isn't all. There is something more. It's friends. 'How lonely, how discouraging would our schooling be, if we had to pursue it alone—all alone. How delightful will it be in the future to turn back again and see, not the classroom's books, but the classroom's students and the classroom's teacher. When we read a long, deep, profound sentence, we feel as if we had dived into a deep pool of water and could not reach the bottom. Such is a true friendship. We may go to the very bottom, yet the *true* friend is always willing to meet us when we come to the top—always ready to put out a glad hand to pull us up out of the water. We may always depend upon our friends to help us when we need help in our work; and we always look to a friend to laugh with us in our mirth, and be sorrowful with us in our distress.

"A good many prayers are made in private that the devil would like to see answered."

The Whole Year Through





SENIORS

*O, Seniors, eldest of high school's band
As on the threshold you lingering stand—
Are you glad?*

*You've fought your battles, first and last,
You've often made us stand aghast—
Just your fad.*

*And now the race is nearly done,
You've tried the work and you've had the fun—
Are you sad?*

*Out in the world there's lots of strife,
And you'll draw poor hands in the game of life—
But don't get mad.*

*And don't complain if things go wrong,
They often will, but not for long—
So don't feel bad.*

*The stage is set, the prompters call,
The play is life, there's room for all—
Good luck, lad.*



Literary



DAWN

*Dawn—and the rosy, tender fingers
Of the goddess open the gates of light.
And for a moment the pale moon lingers,
As if waiting for the soft, dancing pink clouds
To drift through the night.*

*Dawn—the youthful, carefree hours
Bring me happiness for the new day,
And for a moment life is sweet, like flowers,
As my strange, haunting dream
Drifts further away.*

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.

LETTER FROM SAMUEL TO HIS NEPHEW JEREMY

Dear Jeremy:

Were you surprised last Wednesday? I wasn't sure I could come. I had a meeting on—not one of those boring ones, however. This was a very enjoyable meeting. A most beautiful lady, the Countess of Woodlandville, wants me to paint her portrait.

Do you remember the picture of your great-aunt, the one holding the lamb in her arms? Well, the countess looks something like your aunt, excepting, of course, that her dresses are not so queer.

I took a jaunt up to Polchester yesterday. Then I went over to Riceyman Steps. It's an abnormally dull place. There's a funny little book shop, and one tiny inn.

I stopped at the inn for tea. The usual bunch of youngsters was scrapping about the croquet tournament. It made me think of ghosts—the old inn, and Mary there asking me would I have some crumpets. I could tell there were ghosts there. Why, in one corner was Muggs, and over there was Darby. Ghosts, like those you see when your aunt makes chicken stew with veal.

You'd like the book shop, I'm sure. It seems there is a mystery connected with it. The man who formerly owned it was a miser. Funny, isn't it, that people like to hoard things? I shouldn't! The story goes that the owner married the woman who kept the inn across the way. They never quarreled—in fact, they never did anything but scold their servants and shiver in the cold of their unheated rooms. It is said the fireplaces were always ready to be lighted, but that the man was too stingy to light a match to them. Finally his wife died from starvation, and he was so lonesome and miserly that he didn't last much longer than his wife.

I like queer places. They're interesting. I like queer people, too. Your father doesn't. He calls me queer, but he doesn't like me. I expect to have a beastly time with him about my rooms. He says I must leave, and your mother (bless her!) says I may stay in my old rooms. And so Hamlet and I wander about the town to please your father, and then come back at night to please your mother!

I'm to paint the countess in one-half hour.

Your Uncle Samuel.

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.



THE EVOLUTION OF SAM

Ever since Peg Harbraith had been old enough to be out from under the watchful eye of her mother, Sam Brooks had taken her fishing. Down to old Bradley's Creek they had gone with Sam carrying the poles and small Peg the bait. Mrs. Harbraith always felt that Peg was safe with Sam and she was, too, for Sam was very careful that Peg did not fish out on the rocks as he did. She never came out to him except to bring him bait and then he used to watch every step she took for fear she would fall. Peg's mother often remarked that Sam would make a dancer out of her by making her step so daintily on the rocks as he did.

When these two took their jaunts, their mothers would visit each other and talk over the futures of the fast growing children. Sam, however, before they left had to promise that he would take good care of Peg, and always ended his promise with the customary "Oh Shoo Fly. Shoo Fly!" It made Sam feel like a grownup guardian although he was slightly over a year older than Peg.

And because they resisted the pleas of the other neighbor children to play, Sam was given the nickname "Peg's Beau" which he did not altogether dislike. He escorted Peg, small as she was, to all the parties, and (to be brief) lived up to his nickname. He reflected that the name wasn't so bad, for Peg was the prettiest girl he knew.

In Peg's memory the visits made to Sam's Aunt Faith were the most beloved. Aunt Faith was a beautiful, white-haired old lady, who could tell the most interesting stories even to young people of her age. One story was especially well liked—the story of an emerald ring that Faith's brother had brought from France. She always showed the beautiful ring to her listeners and ended her narrative with the vow that she would never part from the ring.

When Peg was eighteen she was sent to a girls' school in Massachusetts and Sam went to the Virginia University, although his preference was Harvard. They wrote an occasional letter to each other but in a few months the correspondence was neglected altogether.

The first summer Peg went to Europe with her aunt and Sam to the Rockies with an elder brother. The second summer was much the same, but the third summer Peg went home as did Sam, also. The death of his grandfather in California prevented them from continuing their friendship that summer.

Toward the middle of August Peg went with a schoolmate, Mildred Somers, to her summer home in the Adirondacks. It was there that she met Cecil Lincoln, a senior at Yale. They were at once attracted to each other for he was good looking and possessed all the qualities of a real man and Peg was a beautiful young lady with a far-reaching personality.

During her visit she frequently thought of Sam and of the fishing trips that had to be delayed at least another summer.

The height of her career, she thought, came when she was elected president of her senior class. The news somehow reached Sam and he wrote her a brief note of congratulation, again reminding her of the fishing trips that were to be forthcoming.

Young Lincoln had written friendly notes frequently but Peg's answers were few and indifferent.

"How could I," she thought, "when I have so many important things to do."

Affairs went on to the week before the senior reception and graduation. Cecil had come and was taking her canoeing when The Terrible Thing happened! As she was being helped out of the canoe, Cecil kissed her. She coolly, oh! so coolly, slapped him on the cheek, deliberately wiped her cheek with her dainty handkerchief and left him.

Out of his sight, she rushed up to her room. She locked the door, threw herself on her bed, and burst into a torrent of tears. As soon as the first fury was over she realized that she, the president of the senior class, was without a partner for the Senior Reception, for after the incident with Cecil she was convinced that she would never ask him. Up until three days before the great event she scarcely had time to think of the vacancy that must be filled. There were scarcely any men of her acquaintance that were not already asked. As she was gazing at the river she had an idea. Sam! Why hadn't she thought of him before? But would he accept at this late notice? She wired him immediately and he accepted in the same manner.

Now what next? She recruited all her best friends and made them promise that if Sam asked any of them to dance, they must, for her sake, accept, for she had conceived the idea that Sam was still the red-haired, freckled, awkward boy that she had always known.

The night of the reception arrived and as she dressed she wondered if Sam had changed much, if he would be there on time, and if he would look like the other boys. "Of course," she reassured herself, "Sam has never failed me yet."

As the girls went into the decorated hall, they laughed and chattered and tried not to feel any concern while their eyes sought those of their partners. Peg was the first to go in and as she glanced down the line of waiting men all holding bouquets, she discovered with sudden panic that Sam was not there.

She paused and turned to excuse herself to the girl back of her, and as she turned a familiar voice spoke at her elbow.

"Well, Peg."

It was Sam's voice, but the fellow himself—this was not the Sam she knew or had pictured. This was a bronze-haired, handsome Sam that stood there smiling down at her, with a beautiful bouquet in his hand.

"Oh, Sam," she trilled after finding her voice, "I didn't know you."

"O Shoo Fly!" he answered rather foolishly.

Yes, it was the old Sam. After the first preliminaries were over the dancing started. Girls and men all over the room were casting admiring glances toward Sam, who was much taller than anyone else in the room. She regretted the dances he was to have with the other girls because she wanted him all to herself. She might have known that Sam would do honor to her.

At periods during the evening little exclamations could be heard from the girls who had just discovered some gift in their bouquet. Peg, glancing down at hers, brought forth a small white satin covered box. She glanced at Sam, but he had turned away whistling. Peg snapped back the cover, and there on the little satin pillow lay The Emerald Ring!—Aunt Faith's emerald ring.

"Where? Why?" she asked breathlessly.

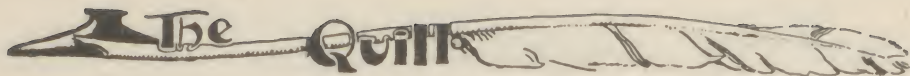
"Mother traded some of Great-grandfather Aker's letters for it," he answered softly.

Peg knew how much the letters of the Revolutionary general had been prized and also the ring. She tried to thank him but could scarcely find her voice. She finally did succeed and was rewarded for her efforts by Sam's saying:

"Oh Shoo Fly! How soon can we go fishing?"

PAULINE PARK, '24.

"It takes something more than bricks, wall paper, oriental rugs and porch swings to make a home."



GWEN'S PRIVATE ZOO

Time: Two o'clock in the afternoon.

Place: A bench in a park.

Characters: MISS HOOKER,
MR. SMITHERS,
GWENDOLYN SMITHERS.

(Miss Hooker is sitting on the park bench reading a novel.
Mr. Smithers enters, smiling broadly.)

Mr. S.: Good afternoon, Miss Hooker. It's an ideal day, isn't it?

Miss H.: Just a delightful day for a quiet corner and a good book.

Mr. S. (ardently): I much prefer a good companion. Ah, truly, my lady (sighing deeply), since I have tasted the sweets of matrimony——

Miss H. (pertly): Looking for another cook?

Mr. S. (ignoring interruption): I find that being a widower is almost unbearable.

Miss H. (kindly): You do look a little thinner.

Mr. S.: Won't you——

Miss H.: O, Mr. Smithers, where is Gwendolyn? I do enjoy that refreshing child so thoroughly. She is simply adorable.

Mr. S. (proudly): People say she takes after me.

Miss H. (dropping her eyes): O, Mr. Smithers——

Mr. S.: Won't you——

Miss H.: But you haven't told me where Gwen is.

Mr. S. (impatiently): She's with Mr. Withers looking at the animals in the zoo. I promised to take her to see the animals but just as we were going into the building I saw you, and as Mr. Withers happened to be there I asked him to take care of Gwen.

Miss H.: Why, Mr. Smithers, I was waiting for Mr. Withers when you came up. But it was clever of you.

Mr. S.: Ha-ha, I knew you'd enjoy the joke. My rival showing my daughter the zoo, while I bask in the smiles of my lady. Would I could enjoy them every morning for breakfast, and for lunch, and for dinner. Won't you——

Miss H.: O, Mr. Smithers, *have* you read this book? It's the most thrilling thing, called "Flossie the Fragile Fishing Flower." Flossie was in a boat fishing when the bridge above broke in——

Mr. S.: O, I adore fishing.

Miss H.: So do I.

Mr. S.: We could live in a boat and fish all day. (He kneels on the ground before her.) Won't you——

(Enter Gwendolyn, skipping and clapping her hands.)

Gwen: O, pa—*pa!* I've had the most be-u-ti-ful time! All the lovely animals! I felt dreadfully bad when I couldn't have some of them to play with, but I don't want them now. O, Miss Hooker, I've got a zoo all my own.

Mr. S. (timidly): You—you haven't stolen any of those lions or tigers, have you?

Gwen: O, no. But it's so funny, and to think I never thought of it before. O, papa, it's *such* a joke!

Miss H. and Mr. S.: What is?

Gwen: Why, papa's my zoo, and maybe he can get into the circus and take me along.

Mr. S. (gazing at Miss H.): If I could only take you, too.

Miss H.: But, Gwen dear, what makes you think your father could get into the circus?

The Quill

Gwen: Why, because he's a zoo, of course. Don't you see his face is just like a monkey's, his eyes are just like a frog's?

Mr. S. (pushing Gwen aside in a panic): Er—ah—if we could only go for a little row on the lake.

Gwen (rapturously): And his voice is like a parrot's, his ears are like a rabbit's—

Mr. S.: The trees are so beautiful in their spring foliage and the happy rabbits in their nests—

Gwen: And his feet are like a duck's, and his legs like a bulldog's.

Mr. S. (rising, angrily): Gwendolyn—

Gwen (shrilly): But, best of all, his neck with that little lump that wabbles up and down in front is like an ostrich's.

Miss H.: This is, *indeed*, amusing.

Mr. S. (threateningly): Gwendolyn, I shall—shall—

Gwen: Why, papa, aren't you glad to be my zoo?

Miss H. (rising and starting to depart): Good afternoon, Mr. Smithers.

Mr. S. (wildly): O, Miss Hooker, don't go. Won't you—marry me?

Miss H. (laughing): The child told the truth and I—couldn't live with a ZOO! Ah, there's Mr. Withers now. Good afternoon.

(*She goes*)

Mr. S. (groaning and sinking onto the bench): Gwendolyn, where did you ever get such outlandish, such preposterous—

Gwen: I don't know what you're talking about, papa, but if it's about being a menag'r'y, I think it's splendid. I never would have noticed it if Mr. Withers hadn't shown me.

Mr. S.: Mr. Withers!!

Gwen: Yes, that nice man walking with Miss Hooker. And he told me you'd be tickled to death to think you could join the circus, so I came right out to tell you.

Mr. S. (grimly): Well, child, you've lost me a perfectly good cook, and Mr. Withers has no doubt gained one, but—well, just wait till I get you home.

BERNARDA JORDAN, 24.

Languages of the soul live forever.

There are more ways to speak than by the tongue.

Take the bird's flight,

Or the brook lapping up the dry soil in the woods.

Or the eyes of women. (Women's eyes always speak.)

And the shoulders of men who have been at work in a foundry,

Or the laugh of a girl who plays on the hills.

Languages of the soul live forever,

Voices die and are forgotten.

MARGARET MARNETTE, "24.

"The biggest fool in the world is the fool who does not know he is a fool, and bright is the man who realizes that there are always things to be learned."



TURNING POINTS—A SYMPOSIUM

LITERARY EFFORTS

The turning point of my life came when I was eleven years old. It was then that I dipped my pen in author's ink. I had just finished reading Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and believing that I could write a poem that would compete with it I wrote a long and vivid appeal to Death, to come and bear me to the stars, snatching me away from this life of misery and arithmetic problems. I spent hours reclining on my draped couch of death, a huge water plant and enormous tree branches draped over me. (My father was delighted and told me how glad he was that I had begun to study Botany seriously, at last.) I even collected time-worn rocks and an old stump, but I rebelled at bringing in worms. I would then moan out "Thanatopsis" and my own poem, and at last bring both to a climax by sighing dramatically and falling back in a feigned, tranquil sleep. I remember at the time dreaming of taking the whole scene on the stage and giving the public something new; even today I believe the "effect" would be a success!

But my masterpiece went no farther than my father's hands who became seriously concerned about my mental condition. My mother was more considerate and never did anything more discouraging than to threaten hysteria when one of my death poems was read.

From that day I have stumbled along Writer's Lane—but just wait until I bring out a "best seller" and I shall have my revenge, because I have sincerely resolved that when I am famous the Editors of Harpers, Scribners, Century, Metropolitan and so on, may come and kneel at my feet begging and praying me to write them something; but they will receive not a line, because I will remember the days of my youth. Ah, my heart fills with joy at the very thought of it!

I hate to think of the bank account that I would have today if I had all the stamp money collected which I have sent to Editors. But, after all, it is consoling to know that my collection of rejection slips will compete with those of any writer.

Only the years will tell if I can thank Bryant or not for changing my youthful ambitions. But I have at last come to the conclusion that one "Thanatopsis" is enough for the world!

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.

A LION AMONG LADIES

The great moment occurred on a very windy day when I was walking down the busiest street of the small but thriving town of Manilla. As I reached the corner, I happened to glance toward another corner where stood the "lady of my dreams." I was watching the graceful figure and looking at her beautiful face when amidst my musings the wind blew my hat from my head. Of course, I started chasing it down the sidewalk very much embarrassed, but when I had almost reached it, an automobile drove by so close that it almost took my breath away and dragged my hat to the corner where the beautiful lady was standing.

I reached down to pick up the hat and I rose so suddenly that I almost knocked someone down. Upon looking to see who it was, I was amazed to find that the lady had chosen this time of all times to cross the street. I immediately begged her pardon and tried to show my embarrassment as little as possible—a thing which must have been a miserable failure because the beautiful lady only lifted her head higher and passed by me without even acknowledging my apology.

I was so disgusted to think that I had made no impression upon her (at least not a favorable one) that I scarcely knew what to do. I contemplated all sorts of punishment, but finally decided that it was not my fault after all. She should have looked where she was going instead of expecting others to do



it for her. I may be a bit old-fashioned, but I decided that women are all alike. They might give one all the reason in the world to think that he was winning them over and suddenly turn upon him, and sting his poor heart. I therefore resolved that I should thereafter leave all of the opposite sex to choose some other man to make life happy for them, for I do and will live very satisfactorily without them—which, after all, is all that is necessary.

ORVILLE FREESTONE, '26.

FREE LOVE

I have not lived long in this large world, but during my very brief sojourn here I have made many observations, and from them drawn many conclusions regarding a number of things that are constantly confronting the young men and women of our generation. Although young in years I feel that I have a rather more mature mind than the average person of my age. It is my earnest desire in this paper to set forth before the public another of my theories which has proved very successful.

As I told you in one of my former papers, I have always been very much interested in the fair sex, or possibly I should say in the fairer sex. Because of my peculiarities I have been called by a few of those who fail to understand me, "The Woman's Home Companion." This is due partly to the fact that I am a thorough believer in free love. My theory has been very vigorously attacked by some contemporary writers who, because they are entirely ignorant of the true facts of the case, have ridiculed me greatly, thus causing me much annoyance and embarrassment. My purpose in writing this paper is thus made two-fold; first, to make public the true facts of my pet theory, and thereby correct the wrong impression given many people by the aforementioned unenlightened ones; second, to help, if possible, some other poor souls who are struggling aimlessly in a vain endeavor to find the truth. I have not always been a believer in free love, and until I met a certain person of the opposite sex, I was in the same predicament that many of our young people are in today.

Not many years ago I was first perplexed by a longing that seemingly could not be gratified. I was spending my small fortune foolishly, wasting my life in one riotous caprice after another in a vain desire to satisfy my cravings. The more I spent and the more riotously I lived, the worse the craving for something different became. At last, it was my good fortune to be voted into that delightful club, "The Bohemians," and here I found the solution of my problem.

The method by which I came upon the solution is of no consequence and would be of no value or interest to my readers. In desperation I hit upon an idea through which I saw a faint glimmer of light—the light of salvation, as I later found, from my previous ways of living. After many experiments, I found that the only way by which I might enjoy myself, and still keep my fortune, was to become an exponent and practitioner of free love. And now, dear reader, I shall keep you in no more suspense, or possibly I should say, I shall not bore you any longer. The whole problem is this: Boys, be careful in choosing your feminine companions! Try to avoid "gold-diggers" and choose instead a nice, quiet young lady who would rather sit and converse with you upon some topic of mutual interest, rather than one who prefers to go gallivanting and carousing around the village on a fool's errand.

And now, patient reader, you see for yourself the utter simplicity of my theory. The plan to follow is to get them young, tell them nothing, treat them gently, spend no money on them, and make them like it. If any of my readers have derived any benefit from my humble writing, I shall feel successful, indeed.

Thus, you see, I am an ardent expounder of free love. The freer the better, and the freer the less expensive.

GLENN WILSON, '24.



CONSOLATION FOR POOR SPELLERS

The younger generation through their heedlessness and thoughtlessness is bringing about the ruin of their country. They are unconcernedly wending their way through educational institutions with the air of toleration for such unimportant matters as 'readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic.' These are things of the past.

To simplify matters students have organized a new club to promote and improve methods of spelling. This club has taken for its name "The Free for All." Every member is entitled to entire freedom in spelling, according to the various enunciations of the one speaking. A special committee has been appointed to form a new dictionary of all the newly spelled words. However, this is not for use, for that would not be consistent with the idea of the club. It is only put on exhibition for all those desiring to form similar clubs.

At the meetings the members are entertained with games; guessing the meaning of words spelled according to someone else's idea. In the downtown offices employers are now daily amused by endeavoring to discover the origin of the words used by their office force as their letters are inspected before being mailed. These proof readings are a diversion for the employer and relieve the monotony of the daily work.

Thus we are slowly wandering away from the old and fast rules of the use of the dictionary. But, let us try to preserve a few copies of Webster's Dictionary so that we may show to curious people, in future years, this old antique, now spelled a-n-t-e-e-k, a-n-t-e-k-e or a-n-t-i-k.

MARGARET PELTON, '24.

O NATURE, TAKE ME CLOSER TO YOUR BOSOM

*O, nature, take me closer to your bosom,
Take me farther out into the night,
That I may gather something of your wisdom
And of your lovely stars so bright.*

*Come, take me with your wind and gale,
Toss me here and toss me thither,
That I may know the way to sail,
And fare with every kind of weather.*

*Come, show me how to stand your buffeting,
And bring me through the blast—
Like the tree which stands your blowing
And is straighter for its past.*

*Come, nature with all your countless wonders
And with all your mighty inspirations.
Come, let your cleansing winds drive far away
All my haughty racial and domestic feelings.*

*Show me now in your moonlight
That life's eternal, divine;
And in every twinkling star at night
Earthly treasures aren't all that I'm to find.*

WENDELL McDOUGAL, '24.



THE GLAMOUR OF THE PAST

One's childhood is spent in a more or less glamorous world which is almost tinged with unreality. As one grows older, he allows the opinions and ideas of wise men to seep through the impenetrable wall of fancy guarded so jealously during childhood, and life thereby assumes a more placid and stereotyped cast. One's mind interest is at all times a peculiarly transitory thing; here we have a Byronesque outlook on life, indulge unconsciously in an imitation of Romain Rolland's deep-scarred philosophy of life, and perhaps for a time enlarge on Jane Austen's curiosity. At such times we are hardly ourselves; and our mind, keen only to the point of delving into the teachings of other men and applying them in a half-hearted way to ourselves, settles laxly into indifference and unproductivity.

But if one's mind has a tendency to be rarely active—active, that is, in the strictest sense of the term—his senses, particularly to agreeable things, are extraordinarily alert. I shall always remember my first reading of the passage from Keat's "Ode to a Grecian Urn:"

*"More happy love! More happy, happy love.
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young."*

So pure and rich a thought seemed to me beautifully to express the rareness of sensation; and instantly a rush of memories was called forth—the feeling that swept over me as I hurried down a quiet, lamp-lit street where the blue, smoky haze from several crackly bonfires rose and filtered through the clean air; and another time when I was in a bobsled which shot straight down a long, white road until it came to an unexpected curve and threw me out into the snow; then my first party. . . .

There had been parties, yes; but stiff, horrid little afternoon affairs where one sat precisely in her best dress actually bored to tears by the lack of diversion. At such times one welcomed anything, even though it were only the announcement of refreshments at which invariably a line almost resembling a chain gang was formed. The only difference between this and a real "chain gang," so to speak, was that the former was made up of very silent and pathetic little girls whose only sensation was that of a monstrous relief from staring stupidly at one another, while one of the more sprightly ones attempted to extract a few words from them severally. But this—this *was* a party! To begin with, it was no children's party at all, but a real, grown-up dinner-theatre-lunch affair to which I was most especially invited by my aunt. We went to a very large and splendid hotel to dine, and to my unsophisticated eyes the place assumed all the glamour of Monte Carlo, although I suppose the people there were only a gathering of quite commonplace persons. I remember quite clearly, however, the rather mild sensation which the entrance of a woman entirely dressed in white created. She was without doubt the most beautiful woman I had seen up to that time. After that I could do nothing but toy with the intriguing little pastry concoctions as I watched her. Then the play! . . . Rather oddly (since it was almost ten years ago) I remember that it was "The Bird of Paradise," but beyond that I have no remembrance save that of the final scene in which the Hawaiian girl stands poised at the top of the burning bed of lava. Its blazes must have had a lurid influence on me, for I have always entertained the impression that that night was a sort of gateway to wickedness, although my aunt protested that it was all in one's viewpoint.

Still with the risk of being considered wholly frivolous, I persist in going on (since my list of "firsts" has occupied so much space in this paper) with my first dance. To begin with, I lived almost in a state of coma, excepting those times when I emerged to indulge in a glorious flight of anticipation—during the week of the

The Quill

dance. When the days finally did pass, and the Day itself crept to the magic hour, I was torn between an insatiable desire instantly to be transported to the club, and a growing fear that my extreme youth would be a bit *de trop*. It happened to be that time when everyone who was quite "up" on things was very languorous, very *blase*, and very sophisticated. Imagine, then, my bubbling, wide-eyed entrance into the dressing room where only the most polite and subdued emotion was displayed. I might (although I assure the reader very solemnly that I was *not gauche*) as well have bolted precipitately into a church where everyone was on his knees praying; the effect would have been the same, except that in this case my hideous blunder lay in my portrayal of innocent joy which (to be fashionable) should have been zealously guarded from the public eye. Still, I carried the thing off rather neatly (considering my beginning) and with so much *assumed* poise that even the fascinating *habitués* before the glass were deceived. Like them I cooed in just the fragile tone that they affected, "Oh, *do* you have some rouge? I forgot mine—so stupid of me!" and patted with just the proper amount of complacency the billowy folds of my chiffon. Then, conscious of a mild sensation (this without egotism, let me hasten to add) even in that group *par excellence*, I allowed myself to be gently borne on the crest of the wave descending the stairs. Once launched—the term grew more significant as the evening wore on—into the crowd of dancers, everything came to my attention so furiously and with such giddy confusion that, what with whirling suddenly into other couples, puffing at already huge balloons, escaping from a bombardment of confetti and streamers, it was no small wonder that I declared my utter fatigue comparatively early and wailed for ices—anything to escape from the excited hum of it all.

After that, although the whole Bohemian-like scene seemed rather to increase than diminish in merriment, I felt a little weary of it all. And though I have since gone to an infinite number of dances—some of them really tremendously fascinating—none of them has ever reached in a certain charm and romanticism the simple joy of my first dance. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that the first dance is, so to speak, a state of mind, with a *raison d'être*; while the ones which follow, robbed of their forerunner's implicit faith in the existence of a Utopia, are marked by a tedium which definitely stamps them as something merely to be tolerated.

MIDSUMMER MAGIC

When the sun has reached its journey's end
And leaves its memory in the sky in graceful lines of magic colors,
Then the South Wind begins to blow and sing among the tree-tops,
Soothing the tired souls of mortals with gentle caresses;
And the fairy folk light their coaches with fire-flies and sail away to moon-light
balls in dewy nooks.
The drowsy bird murmurs sweetly in its pleasant dreams,
The friendly stars come out and guard the Earth,
Whispering silent secrets to kindly souls,
Century-old trees murmur their blessings on all man-kind and softly whisper of old
Romances long forgotten in the mind of man,
And the breath of Nature's flowers fills the night with holy incense;
The weird cry of the hooting owl stirs the souls with madness and unrest—
Then secret dreams long sleeping in the heart of man—awaken!
But when the sun begins its journey once more, the magic of the night flies with the
shadows,
And the reality of Day sits upon the throne of the Prairie.

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.



THE NIGHT

*The star in the sky
The wind flying by
The moon rising high
And the night creature's cry!*
*A fond lover's sigh
A whispered good-by—
Tears in the moon-light—
A broken heart's cry!*

ROSABELLE HOUSTON, '26.

SANDS O' TIME

Gilbert K. Chesterton said that a quarrel always interrupts a good argument. It's worth thinking about.

FABLE OF THE TWO BROTHERS

Once upon a time there were two brothers. When each came of age he inherited \$100,000. The first brother invested his money wisely and in the course of time had more than doubled the original sum. The second brother bought an expensive car, did not try to save money, and at the end of the same length of time had nothing left. He borrowed a few dollars and started out to seek help from his rich brother. But when he reached the supposedly rich man's home, he found his brother, too, was penniless. The day before he had taken his money from the banks and put it into oil wells.

MORAL—When a teapot upsets someone usually gets scalded.

Did you ever realize that, in addition to talent, the playing of a dry musical instrument requires some particular physical perfection?

MARVELOUS TALE OF A HERO AND HEROINE

The Hero and Heroine were both on board the ocean-liner which was crossing the Pacific Ocean. Anyone would have known them for a Hero and Heroine. Such characters are so distinctive it is impossible to overlook them. The rest of the people are of minor importance. When the ship came close to an uninhabited island, several of the travelers decided they wanted to visit the island. A small boat, containing, with others, our Hero and Heroine, consequently set forth for the island. The Hero and Heroine started out by themselves. The natural conclusion of course would be that they forgot all about time and remained stranded upon the island. That is where the marvelous feature comes in. After the Heroine stopped three times to shake the sand from her slippers, she looked at her wrist-watch, which must have been within five minutes of the correct time, and, to tell the truth, they were the first ones back to the boat.—*Finis.*

Some people are born clever, some achieve cleverness, and some have cleverness thrust upon them. (Lemon, cream, and sugar, please.)

There is a high fence around my life.
I have built it of hate of people asking
What did I do things for.
It is so strong no one can ever enter.
It is so high I cannot even see over it.
Through the strong walls and barred gates
Nothing can come.
Nothing except Rain, and Death, and Tomorrow.

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.



FLIGHTS OF FANCY

If one would believe on faith the teachings of relentless advocates of higher culture, he might stop short of reading Mother Goose rhymes. We have in mind (to be specific) some of the very ponderous literary products of the younger generation which simply *will* have our attention riveted firmly on the sterner stuff of life without permitting even a wisp of fancy to creep in at the corners. But, here, with editorial freedom, we have recovered our slumbering independence and with a modest flourish offer the reader our version of the Mother Goose rhymes *a la mode*.

I.

Carl Sandburg, with gusty contempt, rides himself with succinct clearness of his opinion:

Pumpkins—go ahead and talk about pumpkins.
That's what Peter ate.
And look at him: couldn't even keep his wife.
He had no brains—but still
There have been others—poor fools!
Who wouldn't even have thought of the pumpkin shell.
Yes, Pete wasn't so bad; he kept her there.
Pumpkins—they're all right.

II.

With sly humor, Charles Dickens lays his finger on the real situation:

Peter, although a cringing and apologetic sort of human, did no soft violence to the gravity of the house over which his wife so vigorously ruled. There was no light nonsense about Peter's wife. Peter had only to ask humbly for a bit of food (even though it was largely "fairylike and toomultous") to call down the wrath of his more or less devoted wife. None of your halfway measures for Peter's wife. She must be shut—clear shut—into a pumpkin shell, and then Peter guarded over it like a ghoul.

III.

William Cullen Bryant regards the jaunt with a gentle philosophy:

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the fields with the golden hue of pumpkins,
Far through their lengthening rows dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

There is a wife whose trips
Teach thy way along that pathless coast—
Of pumpkin shells and chiding lips—
Love wandering, but not lost.
She who from shell to shell
Leads through the boundless field thy certain chase,
In the harsh words that thou must quell
Will keep thy mind from being base.

IV.

Robert Burns, with all enveloping sympathy, theoretically embraces Peter with his admonitions:

Poor, cow'rin', tim'rous Peter,
Oh, what a task it is to keep her!
Thou needna start away sae nasty wi' bickering brattle.
Thou'st put your bonnie in th' shell wi' murd'ring pattle!

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V.

Oliver Wendell Holmes dwells ponderously on the structure of the shell:
Build thee more solid shells, O Pumpkin Eater!
Before thou start'st again to beat her,
Leave thy unhappy home,
Let each new pumpkin, with greater space to roam
Have stronger locks to keep tight shut the dome
Till she at length is cowed,
Leaving her outgrown soul to make thee proud.

VI.

Edgar Allan Poe, the incurable romantic, waves a sad farewell to his "glorious spouse" with the proper proportion of melodrama:

It was many and many a year ago
In a pumpkin by the house,
That a woman there lived whom you may know
By the name of Peter's spouse.
And this woman she lived with no other thought
Than to chase and be chased by him.

VII.

Katharine Mansfield, with her characteristic tendency to catalog "possible" and "impossible" persons, allows a vague doubt as to Peter's social standing to creep in:

"And was a person named Peter there?" said the Old Woman. Then the creak, creak of her rocker.

"Peter!" cried Jill. "My dear mother, you never saw such a person. There's not another like him. Do you remember that common, stupid little man who came to us all a-tremble last week asking about his wife? That's Peter."

"His wife has run away," said Daffy-Down-Dilly suddenly.

"Still, that doesn't signify anything *particularly*," came from the Old Woman easily.

"But why, when one has the shell and *all*, and he *has* kept her in it——" began Jill.

"Oh, quite so, darling," crooned the Old Woman.

VIII.

We shall permit Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to round off the subject with a subdued Hiawathian touch:

By the driveway of the Perkins',
By the shining Big-Rain-Spout,
Stood Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Pointing with his finger westward,
O'er the tree stump pointing westward,
To the fleeing form of woman,
Fiercely pulling his great boots on,
Hurried he behind the woman,
Followed fast those dainty footprints,
Followed in that graceless war-trail,
With his pumpkin hard beside him.



THE DEATH TEMPLE

As I have always been interested in archaeology I was more than delighted when Professor Baker, an old friend of my father and a professor of archaeology, invited me to accompany him on a trip to some ancient ruins in Colorado. We decided to make the journey by railroad, and after a few days spent in buying supplies we departed.

About the third day, while we were passing through a wild but beautiful canyon, our train came to a sudden stop. We piled out to learn the cause of the stop. When we found that a landslide had occurred which made it impossible to proceed for several hours, we decided to take our lunch and go for a tramp in the canyon.

We wandered about, lured by more beautiful landscape and flowers, from one canyon into another. When we stopped for our lunch we were a full five miles from the train. Great towering bluffs of red sandstone, studded here and there with glistening quartz, loomed on both sides, giving an aspect of grandeur such as I had never before seen. Millions of years ago, perhaps, there was only a small river flowing through a level plain, but by constant and persistent tearing away of stone there, the stream has worn these great canyons into the solid rock.

Upon finishing our lunch, we decided we had better return to the train; so we set out in the direction from which we had come. After following the canyon for a distance we found that it branched into two smaller ones. I was sure we had come down the one to the right, but Professor Baker was sure it was the one to the left. We had quite an argument but we finally flipped a coin.

"Heads," I said, and "tails" it was, of course.

We went down the one to the left and had not gone far when we heard the whistle of the train. We were too late!

It was dusk by the time we found that we had followed the wrong trail. We decided that we had better camp where we were, as plenty of firewood and a brook of fresh cold water were at hand. We built a large fire to drive off the chill and any wild beasts that might be wandering nearby. We ate the remainder of our lunch, but it did not satisfy us and we went to sleep hungry.

During the night I awoke suddenly with the strange feeling that danger lurked near at hand. I heard a crackling in the darkness outside of the circle of light, and detected a dark form crouching in the dusk. Seizing a blazing fire brand, I hurled it in the direction of the shadow. A great crashing of brush and a piercing, blood-curdling, almost human scream, and the animal disappeared.

I did not sleep any more that night and the next morning we found tracks which proved that our nocturnal visitor was a huge mountain lion. We then set out to find our way back, but it seemed we must have gone in the wrong direction as we did not come upon the main canyon by noon. We sat down to rest and suddenly Professor Baker called my attention to what looked like a group of ruined stone houses. They were located on a cliff directly across the canyon.

Hoping to find some one who could direct us on our way, we hastened toward the ruins. We found that hand and foot holds had been chiseled into the solid rock of the cliff. We started on the way up, fearful that any minute a shower of rock might descend upon us.

We finally reached the top and the ruins of a prehistoric town confronted us. Scattered about were old stone buildings, many fallen into ruins, others in fairly good condition, but all deserted. In some we found stoneware containing what had probably been grain. In others, stone pots were suspended over cold ashes. It appeared that an evening meal had been in preparation at the time that they were last used. We found no trace of the original inhabitants, not even a bone. In some stoves we found elaborate preparations for the evening meal, which had never

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been eaten. We found a large building of much better construction than the rest of the buildings and in better condition. It had a large opening for a door. Somehow, the very appearance of the place gave me a feeling of dread. We entered the door and looked about us. The sight that met our eyes would have appalled the most indifferent person. We found ourselves in a large circular room, lighted by a circular opening in the ceiling. All over the floor and huddled against the walls were skeletons. This, evidently, was their place of worship, for at one end of the room was a large stone altar. Stretched upon it lay another skeleton and across it still another skeleton, and a stone knife lay shattered on the floor as if it had fallen from the hand of the latter. From the appearance of the positions and number of the skeletons, I felt that a large crowd had been present and then had fallen and died.

Not any too desirous of remaining in the temple, we went outside. The scene in the temple gave me cold chills but set me thinking. What had happened to these people? They had not starved, for evidence of food was everywhere apparent. While we had been examining the ruins a storm had been approaching, unnoticed. Great black rolling masses of clouds swept across the sky, obscuring the sun from view and leaving us in almost total darkness. Then the rain came in torrents. We hurried into the nearest house and imagine my horror to find that we were again in the temple! The rain was pouring through the opening in the roof; so we had to dive into a hall-way leading off from the main room in order to escape the down-pour. The rain kept coming down without any sign of abating. I settled myself into a more comfortable position and tried to go to sleep. From the position in which I lay I could see the outlines of the skeletons in the semi-darkness. Now, I am not superstitious, but somehow I could not keep the cold chills from running down my back.

Suddenly, I stared in astonishment and half imagined I was crazy. The skeletons were moving! They arose and began moving about. Gradually the bones faded away and a group of people—men, women and children—stood in their stead. They appeared to be Indians and among them were ten white-robed priests. There were several who were bound, lying in a corner and over one of these prisoners a young Indian maiden hovered. She put her arms around him and with tears in her eyes kissed him just as she was rudely shoved aside and two of the priests carried the prisoner to the altar. Then the high priests began to speak. It was then that I noticed that I was seriously incapacitated. The priest was apparently speaking, though I could hear no sound. I tried to yell, but could not move my lips.

The priest raised his hand and all of the audience did likewise and appeared to yell something. The priest raised his right hand, knife in hand; then there was an uproar. The Indian maiden rushed forward and grasped the priest's hand. She was torn away and held by two attendants. The knife began to descend. Suddenly the darkness was broken by a dazzling flash and the uncanny silence by a rending crash. I jumped up and immediately found that lightning had struck somewhere close by. I had only been dreaming when I was interrupted by the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder.

The next morning we found that lightning had struck close by. It had struck the altar splitting it in halves and scattering the skeletons about promiscuously.

We left the temple and walked to the brink of the precipice. We found a party of men ascending by the footholds. We hailed them and found that it was a searching party that had been hunting for us.

We continued our journey uninterrupted. We visited other ruins but I am sure that none of them impressed me so much as the "Death Temple."

LOWELL FLETCHER. '24.



ART

"Jane! Where are you going? Come here at once!"

Jane paused on the top of the fence and then dropped back to the garden and went toward her mother who was on the side porch.

"Answer me immediately, Jane," commanded Mrs. Clinton, and then without waiting for a reply, she continued, "You were going to play with *that boy* next door. I——"

"But, mama," interrupted Jane, "Why can't I go? He's a nice boy and his mama makes awful good cookies."

"Very good cookies, Jane."

"Y-yessum, a-an' he——"

"I do not believe this Thompson boy to be the right playmate for you, Jane. I have never heard of the family. His parents do not belong to the Country Club. I know nothing of their social rating so they must have none. And such a common name—Thompson!"

"It's a pretty name, mama," protested Jane vehemently.

Mrs. Clinton continued, "As a punishment you must stay at home this afternoon. You may go to your room now."

Jane remained in her room until two-thirty, when sure of her mother's absence, she skipped out of the house and across the garden. After climbing the fence she dropped down into Pat's back yard.

Before her was a strangely glorious Pat. His red hair was dyed orange; his face was green while his waist was polka-dotted with both colors. In his hand was a paint brush, on the ground a paint can and before him a newly bedecked dog-kennel.

At all this Jane gaped ecstatically. Then she spoke. "Hello, Pat. What you doing that for? Can I paint, too?"

Pat laughed sarcastically. "Aw, I guess you'd do a hot job a' painting. You haven't no talent!"

"But couldn't I get some, Pat?"

"Aw, this is hard. Ya' gotta know all about 'art' an' 'color scheme' and 'tone value' an'—an'——an' 'atmosphere' to be an artist."

"Well, how do you know then, Pat? Guess I could learn them as well as you."

"No, you couldn't. I gotta book and studied hard, an' it came easy to me 'cause my father's a painter so my genius is natural."

Jane became artful. "But if you would teach me, Pat—then I could learn."

To this flattery Pat succumbed. After a long explanation Jane was allowed to dabble a little orange paint on the dog-kennel and quite a little on herself.

That evening after the expected scolding was over, Jane babbled knowingly of art and Pat to an inattentive mother. But finally Mrs. Clinton's attention was obtained.

"——he said so. An' mama, Pat's papa says he can grow up to be a painter like him. Pat's got a book about art and color depth and blending."

"Jane, what are you chattering about?"

Jane looked reproachful. "Why, mama, didn't you hear? It's about Pat. He's got a book——"

"Did you say his father was an artist? Perhaps that accounts for the eccentric commonness—that is the *democratic* touch to their name."

"Can I go see Pat tomorrow?" queried Jane, encouraged by the friendliness of her mother's voice.

"We shall see, Jane."

The next afternoon Mrs. Clinton and Jane called upon Mrs. Thompson, who

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proved to be a pleasant, middle-aged lady with a manner Mrs. Clinton now called democratic but which yesterday might have been dubbed common.

The conversation progressed quite agreeably until the children who were seated across the room began a ludicrous discussion of color depth.

Pat proclaimed the result depended on the amount of paint piled on while Jane argued that it depended upon the distances from which the observer looked.

The two mothers listened a few moments smiling at the seeming technical knowledge, then *democratic* Mrs. Thompson spoke:

"It's amusing how my son imitates his father. Don't you think?"

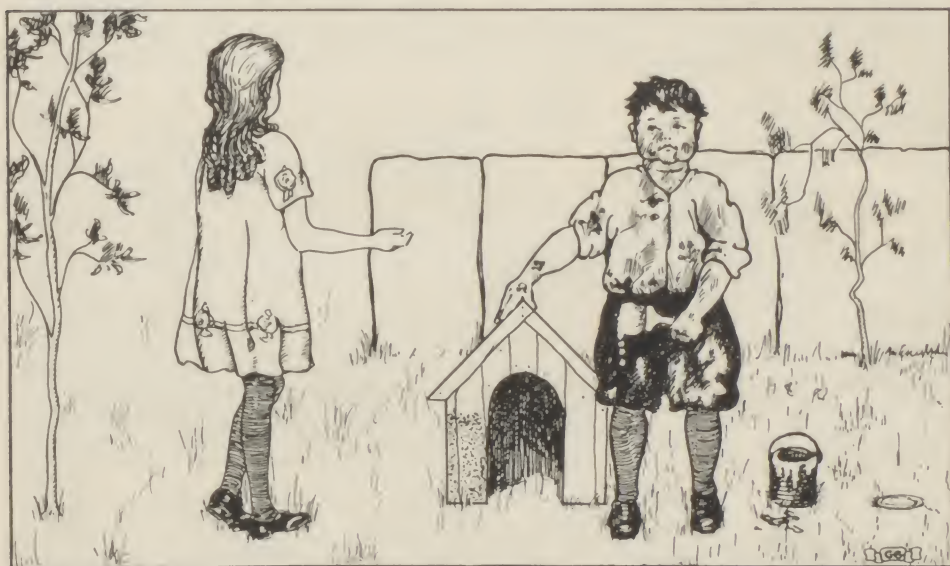
Mrs. Clinton thought it admirable.

"His father is a sign-painter, you know," continued *common* Mrs. Thompson.

There was a frozen silence. Mrs. Clinton sat motionless. Then she rose abruptly.

"Come, Jane," she said. "We must go now. Good day Mrs. Thompson!" and she obviously meant "good-bye!"

LETHA HUNTER, '24.



"FORE!"

I shot a ball from off the tee,
It fell to earth not far from me.
I longed to see it in its flight,
Go disappearing from my sight.
With heavy heart I tried once more,
There was no need to halloo "fore."
Though disgusted, that was not enough
For I swung and sliced far in the rough.
Desperately I tried and hit the ball so true
Far and pinward in its lofty course it flew.
Back o'er the rolling turf I turned to roam
My game was won and I was going home.
In later years as I wandered musingly,
This thought by chance then came to me
In this world of success and strife
How like a game of golf is life.

DEAN LIGHTFOOT, '25.



"THE KING"
— THE RECORD BREAKERS



TWO MILE RELAY "ON YOUR MARKS"



GIRL LIFE SAVERS



GIRL HIKERS



EMBRYO TILDENS



GIRLS TENNIS



Athletics



THE YEAR IN REVIEW

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
Run the words of a once famous bard. We say:
Squawk, and the mob will bat you
Earnestly, not to say hard
For you may tell the gang how it happened
You may tell it o'er and o'er
But the world has a way of looking
Straight at the final score.*

GRANTLAND RICE.

With these lines as our guide, we shall make no attempt to explain the various setbacks that we suffered during the past athletic season. We shall confine ourselves to telling just what happened, and not why it happened.

To begin with football. From the standpoint of games won and lost, our football season was the most disastrous in late years. The team played a nine-game schedule and managed to win from Eagle Grove, Roosevelt, and Iowa City. We got a draw with North High and lost to Shenandoah, Oskaloosa, East Waterloo, Sioux City, and West High. This was the first time since 1917 that West managed to score a gridiron triumph over us. In spite of the fact that the boys gave all that they had in every game, and the school backed the bunch to the limit, the team did not "find" itself until the middle of October, when the boys hit their stride, and from then on played the brand of ball that might have turned some of the early-season defeats into victories. However, it is with a determination to avenge our defeats and win back our city championship that we look towards the 1924 football season.

Basket ball was played under a system that proved immensely popular. There was no varsity, four teams being picked and graded according to their respective ability A, B, C, and D. Each team played only the teams in its own class, and this made the competition unusually keen. East placed second in the final ranking of the schools, one game behind North High, who finished first. With the increased interest in basket ball, and with a wealth of fast developing material to draw from, we may look for some really great East High basket ball teams in the future.

Our swimming season was the most successful in the history of the school. The team won the city and the state titles. "Scotty" Russell built up one of the greatest tank teams the state of Iowa has ever seen—a team that could hold its own with any high school and some college teams in the country. The best proof of the ability of the swimming team is shown in the placing of every boy who swam at Ames and Iowa City on either the first or second all state teams.

We have not much to go on in track. With a band of green, but determined and willing youngsters we opened the track season at the Drake Relays, in which we took one first and one second place, which was better than any of the other local schools could do. We hang on to our city track title, which, if memory serves us rightly, has been ours since 1920. The team goes to Grinnell May 10, and to Iowa City on the 17th, where we may expect the boys to be among those present when the points are dished out.



Tennis and golf must also be written from a standpoint of anticipation, as we have had only one golf and no tennis meets at the time of this writing. We walked North High in golf on May 8th, and have a meet at Grinnell on the 10th. We have good-sized squads out for both tennis and golf, and we expect to have some real teams.

Summing things up, we have not done badly. We have one state championship and have kept two of the three city titles that we won last year. So even those who count only the wins have no reason to feel ashamed of our record for the athletic year 1923-24.

EAST MAKES FINE SHOWING AT DRAKE RELAYS

The Drake Relays, April 25th-26th, gave us a fair idea of the strength of our track team. Those who doubted whether our home meet and Freshman stars of last year could "come through" were soon satisfied. Competing without a letter man from last year, East made the best showing of any of the local high schools. In fact, the boys made the best showing that any of the local schools has made for about two years.

On Friday, April 25th, our medley team, composed of Gordon Lagerquist, Robert Turner, Eugene Keefner, and Ernest Porter, who ran in the order named, finished fourth in the class A medley, beating out Cedar Rapids for the place. Then four boys who, prior to that day, had never represented East High on the cinders, proceeded to show four pairs of heels to our opponents in the special half-mile relay for Des Moines High Schools. The boys got along nicely, and their baton passing, always an important feature in relay racing, was a treat to see, especially since the West High anchor man threw his "load" away in a desperate but vain attempt to catch "Bob" Turner, who ran last for us. The boys won a challenge cup, and have only to win the Des Moines High School half-mile relay two more times to keep the cup. The team and the order in which the boys ran is as follows: Leo Abrahamson, Eugene Kuefner, Gordon Lagerquist, Robert Turner.

On Saturday the same boys opened the ceremonies by running in the class A half-mile relay. The competition was a bit stiff, and we pulled up in sixth place.

Then our quarter-mile relay team, consisting of Warren Fischer, Eugene Keefner, Gordon Lagerquist, and Robert Turner, took third place in their section of the class A quarter-mile relay. Cedar Rapids, the winner in this section, set a new American High School record, so we didn't do so badly after all. Unfortunately, two other teams in the other section also made record time, and as the final places were awarded on a basis of comparative time, East lost out.

In the two-mile relay East finished second only because Vincent of Ottumwa is one of the best high school half-milers in the middle west. "Ernie" Porter gave the Ottumwa sky-scraper a mighty race, but the latter finally won out for his team. Our team ran as follows: Joe Story, Edwin Schlenker, George Bourland and Ernest Porter. With the Drake Relays as our barometer we may safely say that East High has a track team that will be hard to beat.

EAST AND WEST TIE IN CITY TRACK MEET

On Saturday, May 3rd, West High came out to the Drake Stadium with the avowed intention of taking the city track title back home with them. For a while it seemed as if the Maize and Blue would realize their hopes, but we happened to have three pole vaulters who, like fiction heroes, came to the rescue in the final event of the day by tying for first place in the pole vault. By tying in this event the boys also tied the meet, both East and West having 57 points apiece. North High gathered in 20 points for third place, while Roosevelt picked

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up 18. Lincoln failed to score, but should not be discouraged, as they have only the ninth and tenth grades to pick from. In the near future we older schools may expect some real competition from the south side school.

When one recalls that of all the East High boys who participated in this city meet, only five were in this meet last year, and of those five just one scored a point then, the performances of our boys were really something to brag about. Besides hanging on to the city track title, the boys set two new records. "Ernie" Porter galloped a half-mile faster than anybody had ever done before in this meet, tearing around the track twice in two minutes, five and three-fifths seconds; good time. Carrol Garland loosened up his underpinnings and helped Brunk of Roosevelt set a new high jump record, each boy jumping five feet, four inches. There were also two more records broken. Don Smith of West High flew over twenty feet seven inches of earth for a new broad jump record, while Voss, the weight man from the same school, tossed the discus one hundred thirteen feet for another record.

The meet was attended by a small but enthusiastic crowd which was kept constantly on its collective toes by the closeness of the events. The East High boys and the places they won follow:

120 yard high hurdles.....	Abrahamson 2nd, Jones 4th
Mile run.....	Schlenker 1st, Wartberg 2nd
220 yard dash.....	Turner 3rd
100 yard dash.....	Lagerquist 3rd
Half mile run.....	Porter 1st, Story 3rd, Thompson 4th
Pole vault.....	Sheets, Lansrude, Malone tie for 1st
High jump.....	Garland tie for 1st, Windmayer tie for 3rd
Broad jump.....	Lindbloom tie for 2nd
440 yard dash.....	Kuefner 1st, Abrahamson 4th
Shot put.....	Bourland 4th
Discus throw.....	Kenneday 4th
Mile relay.....	1st, Hauge, Lindbloom, Abrahamson, Kuefner
Half mile relay.....	2nd, Fischer, Kuefner, Lagerquist Turner

THE CITY TRACK MEET FROM THE INSIDE

Well, the crown is still ours—a little battered and dented, but ours just the same.

"Bob" Turner drew a laugh when, after being beaten in both of the short dashes, he said, "Get out of my way. I'm gonna try Don Smith's wind in this half-mile relay."

Wasn't it tough that we had only three pole vaulters entered in the meet?

Eugene Kuefner did a full day's work. He ran one race in the morning and four in the afternoon. If there had been two meets, he might have got warmed up.

Georges Bourland is either a hero or a villain; I don't know which. He got out of bed to throw the shot and won fourth place. He was too sick to run the mile, which he had a good chance to win. The point he made in the shot-put kept us from losing the meet, but the two points he might have added to our total in the mile run would have won the meet for us. Use your own judgment.

To bad Jones and Gibson fell just when each one was leading his heat of the low hurdle preliminaries.

Did you notice how Leo Abrahamson crow-hopped over the high hurdles and almost beat Bolyard of North who won? Watch "Abe" next year. He'll make 'em all step some.

Harry Lindbloom came in after the mile relay. "Ran a good quarter, Harry," said the coach. "I know it," Harry confided. "I been savin' that for a week."



GIRLS' ATHLETIC LEAGUE

The past year has held many happy hours for the "girl athlete." It seems that each year there is a larger group of girls "out" than the year before, and so new and different classes must be held to give each girl an opportunity to participate in the sport she likes best.

There has been an exceptionally varied program this year. During the fall season baseball prevailed, and then as the snows came on and prohibited the playing out of doors, volley ball became the leading sport. Now that jolly Mr. Sun has come again, the disturbed baseball teams have taken up their work. Tennis is another game that the disappearance of the sun held up until spring. But now again, it is progressing very fast under the supervision of Mr. Winslow. The courts are open and they look very inviting to the players. Folk dancing has taken the "eye" of the girl who desires to follow some line of athletic work, but does not care for such strenuous labor as the other activities offer. The dancing class offers a good time, grace of movement, and a knowledge of the European dances. For the girl that likes real work, "Scotty" and the swimming pool offer a diversion from studies. After a morning filled with tests, or even a morning with a program that requires a lot of thinking, what is better than a dip in the pool to brush the cobwebs from the brain? Or if one is going to spend the summer at the lakes or beach, wouldn't one feel mortified to have to say to the other swimmers who are urging one to "try it," "I do not swim?" Scotty would be glad to teach you, I'm sure. Something new this year is the Friday afternoon apparatus class. This class is open to any one, but it was formed particularly for those working for points. Another class which was started this year is the Friday afternoon swimming class. Those that can't have a regular swimming class with Mr. Russell during the week are taken in by Miss Curtis for a general splash and recreation hour.

The life of the "Gym" girl is pleasant because in the Gym she develops a good character, finds many good friends, has a general happy time, and along with this all, she develops a good physique.

The Quill

This year in tennis, we are going to have three tournaments; Senior, or advanced, Junior A or intermediate, and Junior B or beginners.

It might be well to mention that Dorothy Siedler's volley ball squad lost to the side under the leadership of Madeline Lunnon.

The following girls have at last earned fifty points toward their monograms: Mildred Field, Ruth Mellin, Dorothy Siedler, Mildred Parsons, Madeline Lunnon, Victorine Rimmer, Eva Jones, Helen Venn, Virginia Cocks, Madge Roberts, Evelyn Latta, Myrna Moon, Frances Goldenson, Louise McCaughan, Phyllis Miller, Naomi Skeeters, Edith Soppeland, Anna Ramsey. Now that we have a large enough group of girls, we intend to start our "Girls' State Athletic League." Each girl who belongs to this league must have fifty points; up to this semester not enough girls have had their full quota of points. We intend to start our League this spring so that by next fall it can begin work in earnest.

Miss Shoedler, who gave a talk to the girls of East High, said that she wanted us to know that we were not the only ones that were "plugging" away at the point system.

OUR TRACK TEAM

The girls are going to have a track meet this summer in which those wishing to take an active part in the school athletics may participate. Those working for points may take part also. The different events are the high jump, broad jump, long distance basket ball throw, and fifty yard dash. Five points are given for coming out for each event, but each girl must take part in three, making a total of fifteen points. If a girl wins an event then she gets ten points extra.—RUTH MELLIN.

THE GIRLS' LIFE SAVING CLASS

Did you know there is a Girls' Life Saving Class? Well, there is and it's a real one, too. The girls have been working steadily under the direction of Mr. Russell and have their releases and carries down pat. About fifteen girls expect to have their Junior Red Cross Life Saving monograms by June.—MILDRED FIELD.

WHAT ATHLETICS HAS DONE FOR ME

There is a proverb, "One gets out of a thing what he puts into it." I have put many happy hours into athletics. In return for my time and work I have had many sore arms, one black eye, and many bloody noses; while on the other hand my headaches have been healed. But the best things I have gained are: good health, friends, and a better character. Is there any reason why I should not like athletics?—HELEN VENN.

MISS CURTIS GOES AWAY

On Thursday evening, April 24th, Miss Curtis went to Kansas City to attend a joint meeting of the Mid-West Association of Physical Education and National American Physical Education Association. There she met Miss Small of Colorado who said they were working on the same system as we are; Professor Henry S. Curtis of Missouri who said they were also giving numerals consisting of a big "M" with a little bear on either side; and Miss Lydia B. Clark who founded the Girls' Athletic League of Illinois. While there, Miss Curtis visited two high schools, New Central and Manual High School, which she said were very well equipped with teachers as well as gymnasium apparatus, because they have two men and two women, both in morning and afternoon.



TENNIS TEAMS



GOLF TEAM



What's Doing



FRONT CORRIDOR GOSSIP

At the first assembly after the spring vacation Mr. Frank Hatfield, secretary of the Rotary International, spoke and proved very interesting.

Will you ever forget the talk Dr. Barker gave us last year when he told us Huxley's definition: "The chief purpose of an education is to train the mind and the will to do the work you have to do in this world, when it ought to be done, whether you want to do it or not?"

Again we state that the members of the Quill staff have unusual ability. Dorothy Lozier and Ruth Foster have won first prizes in the Register's Biggest News Contest. We all basked in the glory of their flowers from Lozier's.

The "What's Doing" department regrets to state that the names of Alice Cave and Amanda Burger were omitted from the honor roll in the last issue of the Quill.

Doesn't the big silver cup, won in the Drake Relays, look "splendiferous" in the trophy case?

When a Freshman, graduation looks as far away as the North star; when a Sophomore, it seems as unattainable as the last piece of pie; when a Junior you dream of the days when you can walk down the corridor with the lordly air of a Senior; but, with graduation right at hand you wish you could do it all over again.

A very interesting letter was received from Clarence Fritz, a former student now living in Compton, California. He says California is fine, but Des Moines is better. It was interesting to know that Des Moines people who had attended East High meet frequently for good times together. The staff appreciated his complimentary remarks about the last Quills.

We all enjoyed the sight of "Great Caesar's Ghost" given us by the Latin Club.

When it comes to May festivals the Senior Class claims first honors.

We all agree with the advice which the Student Council, in their noon program, gave the boys: "Remember this, and humbly come to woo, for it's not whom you would have, but who'd have you." How we all love "The Girl on the Magazine Cover!"

Everyone will agree that Senior boys are more dignified than Senior girls. We were greatly surprised when Clarke Baridon, Bob Young and Wilfred Temby appeared as jesters at the Senior May Day frolic. Freshmen, who thought the Quill editor was dignified, had their opinions decidedly changed.

Why not a New Year's resolution in June? We would like to suggest the following: "Resolved, *"I am going to be one of the eight!"*"



"DAD" ELLIOTT'S SPEECH

The assembly room was thronged April 24th with a large number of students who enjoyed an unusually interesting program. The rendition of "Sylvia," by Verne Thomas, accompanied by Mr. Gilbert, headed the program.

Following this Mr. Burton spoke to the assembled students on matters pertaining to the school and then introduced "Dad" Elliott, International Y. M. C. A. worker. "Dad" Elliott made one of the most interesting and stirring addresses ever heard by the assemblage. He stressed the fact that leadership in Democracy was gained only by dint of hard work and paying the price. Out of East's 2,700 students he estimated that a scant four would rise to high places in their particular lines of endeavor.

He cautioned the students, both boys and girls, that a laxness in their morals was all too evident, stating that 5 per cent were immoral in the fullest sense of the word. He spared the feelings of none of the moral transgressors and cited specific instances of their corruptness. Flappers and so-called cake-eaters were put on the griddle by "Dad" and thoroughly roasted. He warned against submitting to temptations in matters in which young folks are particularly feeble.

Common honesty also was spoken of by "Dad" Elliott. He cited an instance in a school he had occasion to visit where lockers had been plundered by dishonest students of which there are a few in all schools. School spirit so ostracized them that now no locks are ever used to insure the safety of students' belongings.

Cigarette smoking was strongly condemned by the speaker and he sharply rapped those who indulged in smoking, including girls, as well as boys.

False shame in saying prayers was soundly berated by "Dad" Elliott, as he told how a boy in a summer camp was ridiculed by his companions for praying before he retired. The boys were brought to see the great mistake they were making and the incident made better men of them.

In all it was a remarkable talk. The speaker had the floor for an hour, after which the students were excused and sent to their fourth period class, each resolving to be "one of the four."

BOYS' DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The boys' declamatory contest was held in our own auditorium, April 12, 1924. The four city high schools were each represented by two contestants and three judges. Clarke Baridon and Stanley Wilson spoke for East High. We were justly proud of our team for Stanley took first prize and won second place for East High. The declamations, well-given and interesting, and the keen competition, made it a most interesting program.

ASSEMBLY OF APRIL 11, 1924

Primarily, it was a music assembly. As we entered the auditorium, our pleasure and interest were at once aroused, for we saw our orchestra already seated upon the stage. Small printed programs were passed around with the musical numbers named on them. We then had several pleasing selections by the orchestra and, also, a number from "Erminie," sung by Beulah Keeney and Cleotus Schlesselman. We appreciate the good work the music department has been doing under Mr. Gilbert's supervision.

Secondly, this assembly brought the Clean-up Campaign to a successful close. Forceful and interesting speeches on "Clean-up East High" were given by Molly Lepter and Sherman Green.



SPRING OPERA

Musie lovers in East High had a rare treat in the production of the light opera, "Erminie." Our school shows its versatility in giving both a spring opera and dramatic production with such a short period between them.

The plot had all of the thrills of the modern drama; the stern parent, the distressed lovers, the villain, and the fool, are some of the characters. One can appreciate Erminie, betrothed to Ernest de Brissac, whom she has never seen. She loved Eugene Marcel, her father's secretary, who was a real man, though he was a commoner. The way in which she proceeded to outwit "the powers that there are" did justice to a modern co-ed. Erminie's father, Marquis de Pomvert, really wished his daughter to be happy, but decided against her happiness rather than to break a betrothal. The younger de Brissac, came on a sad errand and was the victim of much indignity through a meeting with the villains, Ravennes and Cadeaux. After many difficulties he delivered the news of his brother's death. We failed to be properly grieved over this, since it ended the unhappy betrothal of the heroine. Through many interesting situations the story unfolds in song to the "happy ever after" ending.

This opera was given May 15th and 16th. The occasion set a new record of achievement for East High. The following characters were well portrayed:

Cadeaux	John Woodmansee
Ravennes	Halver Jensen
Chevalier de Brabazen, Marquis' guest.....	Willard Mabee
Eugene Marcel, Marquis' secretary.....	Cleotus Schlesselman
Marquis de Pomvert.....	Joe Hollis
Captain Delauney.....	Donald Secore
Simon, a waiter.....	Stanley Wilson
Dufois	Chester Holdefer
Vicomte de Brissac.....	Robert Wood
Sergeant	Ralph Nichols
Benediet	Bernard Thompson
Erminie	Benlah Keeney
Princess de Gramponeur.....	Lillian Whitsell
Cerise Marcel.....	Letha Hunter
Jarotte	Pauline Kerr

Girls, soldiers, peasants, lords, ladies, and acrobats

SENIOR MIXER

The Senior mixer was held March 26th on the third floor corridor. The specific aim of this social function was to get every Senior acquainted with every one of his classmates. In order to accomplish this aim the following routine of events was followed. As the Seniors entered, they introduced themselves as they passed down the receiving line, consisting of the Senior Board and Advisers. The next thing on the program was a trombone solo by Robert Wood which had as its sequel a presentation of a one-act comedy, "The Mouse Trap." The feminine parts were taken by boys and this proved very interesting and comical.

Those who are experienced tell us that if, when you are a Senior, you are acquainted with your fellow classmates, you have a much better time. With this idea in mind a series of stunts was given. Several groups of Seniors were introduced and each group gave an assigned stunt. The "Pillow and Pillow-case" one seemed to be the most exciting. Refreshments having been served, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and playing Rook. This party was enjoyed by all who attended and each Senior went home feeling that, besides gaining more friends, he would have a much better time at the social functions that were to follow.

RAY ARENBERG.



SENIOR COSTUME PARTY

Were you a little Red Riding Hood or a young Lochinvar or, perhaps, a little Miss Muffet or a bold, bad man? Or, perchance, you were classed in the happy medium.

The Senior Costume Party was held in the gymnasium, Friday, May 23. So variously colored were the costumes that the room looked like a moving rainbow. Prizes were given for the best costumes. Dancing and rook were the entertaining features of the evening.

PAULINE PARK.

CLASS DAY

From time immemorial it has been the custom for the Senior Class to entertain their parents and friends with a Class Day program. On this evening the Seniors themselves take the opportunity of expressing their deep gratitude to East High for her many benefits during their school life, and of sincerely wishing the remaining students *bon voyage*. This year the graduating class on June 2 initiated a custom which they hope will become a famous tradition in East High—the Mantle Ceremony. The evening's program consisted of musical selections, the Class Play, Class Prophecy, and the President's Speech.

MARJORIE SWANSON.

SENIOR PICNIC

On Friday afternoon, May 1st, the Seniors went to Four Mile Creek, near Douglas Avenue, for their class picnic. And there was fun enough for everyone. Much of the afternoon was spent in playing baseball, bean bag, and sand bag. Dinner was served cafeteria style, and was enjoyed as only a picnic dinner can be enjoyed. But the most fun came when the Seniors gathered around a huge bonfire to listen to an impromptu program. A quartette, composed of Jenny Kerble, Henry Adrian, Louis Lacy and Esther Brunk, was called upon to sing and responded with "Iowa." Kathleen Shreves and Allister McKowen presented some delightful lessons in aesthetic dancing. Ray Arenberg, Letha Hunter, Ethel Lucas, Tom Jones and Joseph Kruger presented a dramatization of that famous story, "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Mr. Prichard and Miss Pritchard each gave a two-minute impromptu speech. Then the vital question, "*Resolved*, That a sheik haircut is more profitable for a flapper than a swagger-stick; provided the cake-eater she goes with wears a winged collar," was conclusively settled. After much fiery eloquence on both sides, the negative, upheld by Ruth Thomas and Guy Starkweather, was awarded an unanimous decision. The affirmative team was composed of Molly Lepter and Chester Holdefer. All the Seniors took part in the community singing, lead by Beulah Keeney and Roxie McNay.

When the bonfire had finally burned low and the Seniors were ready to go home, they voted unanimously that—

*There are many kinds of parties,
There are many kinds of fun,
But, say, in the Spring
A picnic's the thing,
Where there's fun for everyone.*

BERNADA JORDAN.



AN APPRECIATION

In every large business there are people without whom the business would fail to run smoothly. As cogs in a wheel they do their work competently and silently so that the whole runs without friction. East High, the largest business organization in East Des Moines, has its important cog in the personage of Miss Alma Hammer. She is the brains of the detailed office work.

We make innumerable demands upon her and always she helps us, smiling. As it often happens with people who do a great deal for us, we seldom think of her except as someone to satisfy our demands. But Miss Hammer has such a charming personality it is a pity everyone can not have the privilege of knowing her personally.

And she is a true "East High-er," as she graduated from old East High.

She worked five years in a bank and then the spirit of East called her back, and back she came, to be a "friend in need" to struggling students wishing help. Miss Hammer has watched and helped East grow to the position it holds today. Her duties are as many and varied as the students she works for. She keeps all the school and student records; and that includes, among other things, the school funds, the city and state monthly and yearly reports; tuition students and credit counting. Her "sanctum sanctorum" is lined with drawers, each containing the minute records of a different phase of her life.

Everyone, whether he realizes it or not, has a hobby. Miss Hammer's is manual training in the winter and outdoor sports in the summer. She is especially fond of golf. There are people who pursue their hobbies in theory only, but Miss Hammer does not belong in this class—for three years she held the city golf championship.

We are glad that future students will also have the efficient service which Miss Hammer renders, and we, the present Seniors of '24 and those others who know her, deeply appreciate her and count ourselves fortunate in having come in touch with her.



PARENT-FACULTY PARTY

On Friday night, May 9th, a large number of the Seniors brought their parents to the parent-faculty party. Most of the members of the faculty were there.

Just inside the main entrance there was a receiving line, composed of a number of the faculty and the Senior officers. Each Senior took his parents around and introduced them to the faculty. Of course we couldn't say they introduced them to all of the faculty but at least to the ones whose classes they were not in. At the end of the receiving line there were two members of our student council who directed everyone to the office to get program cards for that day's work.

The bell for the first period rang at 8:30. There was a great surprise in store for the teachers and students also.

The tables were turned. There were three classes: Gym, Art, and Music. Each class was conducted by a student. In one of the art classes we found Eva Mintzer teaching. One of the students in this class was Miss Cummings, and the pranks she pulled made one think that it wasn't so long ago that she was a student herself.

One of our Gym teachers was Ray Arenberg. He was just a little too tough for a Gym teacher. He should have taught Commercial Law. We had a balloon blowing contest in here. Kathleen Shreves may be a queen, but she and her mother can surely blow balloons.

In music, the third period, we found John Woodmansee teaching. This class was very orderly. The only thing out of the way was that Margaret Fuller nearly made Mr. Woodmansee lose his job. Once the principal, Halvor Jensen, came in and threatened to fire Mr. Woodmansee. It was too bad everyone could not attend all the classes for there were many humorous happenings in each.

Principal Jensen also disciplined little A. J. Burton in a very effective manner.

At the end of the third period there was an assembly. The first number on the program was a few speeches by Gilbert Rogers, Dorothy Steady and Mr. Van Liew. The principal, Mr. Jensen, introduced the speakers. A bashful student, Mr. Burton, also spoke.

Next was a one-act play, "The Burglar," given by the girls' Dramatic Club. You can talk about girls screaming when they see a mouse, but you ought to hear them scream when they hear a pup. At the end of this play Mr. Jensen announced that the main attraction would be found downstairs in the cafeteria. This is the first time we ever passed the cash register without hearing it play a tune. After the Seniors served their guests the party broke up. Those who had attended many parent-faculty parties were enthusiastic about this one given by the Class of '24.

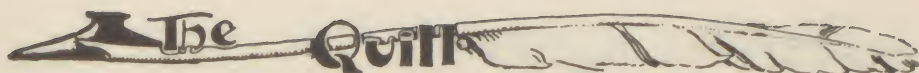
DEDICATION ASSEMBLY

The twelfth anniversary of the occupation of the new East High was celebrated at noon, May 16th, by an outdoor assembly on the front portico. The exercises were in charge of the Senior Class. The East High band started the program followed by an introductory speech by Cleotus Schlesselman, President of the Senior Class. Clarke Baridon, also of the Class of '24, spoke on "Our Heritage." The boys' quartette sang, after which Neil Garrett, of the class of 1912, gave an interesting address on "School Spirit That Counts." Then we all repeated with Mr. Burton our pledge, adopted from the dedicatory pledge:

"At the threshold of this door of new and wider experience let us pledge the future to a democracy of equal opportunity and a democracy of culture that fits for higher thinking and nobler living.

In this spirit, we, the students of East High, mindful of our heritage and realizing our opportunities, dedicate the efforts of our lives 'For the Service of Humanity.'"

The program closed with everybody singing the school song, "Dear East High."



THE FRESHMAN-SENIOR PARTY

The Seniors began a most successful season with the party at which they entertained the Freshmen. Instead of having games in the gym as other classes have done, the group met in the assembly room and enjoyed an unusual program. Cleotus Schlesselman gave the welcome to the underclassmen and Robert Shaw represented the Freshmen in stating their appreciation of the Senior Class. Beulah Keeney gave a vocal solo, Irene Densmore read, and the program closed with one of "Our Gang" films. After the good laugh furnished by the movie everyone passed out, receiving a candy bar and balloon at the door.

IRENE DENSMORE.

TYPING AWARDS

The commercial department is one of the largest in East High. Many of these students are earning recognition as skilled typists. The following persons have received awards from typing companies:

GOLD PINS

Ruth Graham
Elin Johnson

Marie Griffin
Ida Rosenbloom

SILVER MEDALS

Lulu May Mason
Katherine McCauley

Greta Huggins
Ruth Thomas

BRONZE MEDALS

Fay Myers
Elizabeth Whitehead
Jennie Kerble
Lulu May Mason
Elsie Ostlund
Evelyn Adams
Eva Mintzer
Pauline Rabinovitz
Margaret Fuller
Frances DeVine

Elin Johnson
Mary Herman
Delta Thompson
Edith Lindbloom
Edith Sundberg
Dorothy Guth
Marjorie Hutton
Lorene Simbro
Katherine Thomas
Arline Sanford



THE VICTORY

"The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory."—*Burke.*

"Book-learning is not everything." This seems a queer thing to say to a student, but is it not true? A student who gets a passing mark in school and finally graduates—a surprise to all who know him—but does not learn in the four or five years he is in high school a few things that a trackman learns and practices in one season, has wasted his high school days. This student has merely bluffed and sputtered and rambled along—things which do not aid, but on the other hand, hinder greatly in the business realm.

A trackman is required to pass his studies, but that is not all. He trains day in and day out, thus developing a persistence that once acquired is quite lasting. He is accurate and must follow directions without alterations. His habits must be clean and regular. Then after he has trained and is to run in the final race to win honors for his school, he must be at his post promptly and must have confidence in himself. He must get his position at the line as he has been instructed and trained to do, then he must concentrate and command every nerve in his body, and at the firing of the gun, he must leap from the line and head for the goal, forgetting all things but to win that mark.

He is a victor!

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR KEY

Last night a star fell down—
Leaving a trail of star-dust behind it
Like an arrow that sings through the air.
I watched it sink beyond the hill.
I wonder if a star will fall for me,
Or will I just slip through into oblivion?

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.

Dreams come at all times.
Some dreams are gray:
And undistinguishable.
Some dreams are bright:
They are like crimson flowers in
Some Senorita's black hair.
Some dreams are still;
They are like the night-wind.

MARGARET MARNETTE, '24.



Organizations



Mr. Organ I. Zation has been a very interested annotator in East High the last two months. He is especially attentive to the activities of the numerous school clubs. These few comments given by him may interest those who are so pre-occupied with the "study" side of school life that they do not note the work of our energetic organizations.

The first Forensic and E Epi Tan debate resulted in a victory for the latter.

On Thursday, their regular meeting day, members of the Philomathean Literary Society wore ribbons of lavender and gold, the club colors.

Mr. Peterson is "Father to His Senior Class."

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. for next fall are: President, Edna Pearson; vice president, Edith Soppeland; secretary, Marjorie Gustafson; treasurer, Bernice Reynolds.

There are so many new clubs that Mr. Organ I. Zation will need more than five pages (the regular allotment) in the Quill. Some of the new ones are the Junior Y. W., Radio, Mathematics, and French Clubs.

The East High Male Quartette members include Donald Secor, Dean Lightfoot, Joe Hollis and Cleotus Schlesselman.

Mr. Zation is wondering if, as yet, any feminine "bugs" have applied for membership into the newly organized Radio Club?

The newspaper staff has been "on the job" supplying our daily papers with East High "news."

Lunch Hour Programs have proved to be very entertaining. Do you remember any of them enough to recall "No, John; No, John;" the Period Dances presented by the Normal training girls; or how, when the Forensic Club entertained, we wanted to help the young man who stuttered?

We cannot forget the Dramatic Club's contribution—"The Burglar."

Le Cercle Francais has a 'cercle' of eighty members and has had three meetings since organizing this semester.

E Epi Tan was thought to be a "spring tonic" by a certain Freshman.

The Shakespearean and Math. Clubs have each adopted a pin.

The Student Council certainly has promoted student as well as parent interest in our school. Our Clean-up Campaign seems to have been very successful. With the cooperation of the council our P. T. A. was able to have a large attendance at their "get acquainted" program and exhibit.



QUILL EDITORIAL STAFF



QUILL BUSINESS STAFF



STUDENT COUNCIL

The purpose of the Student Council is to better fit the students for democratic citizenship by giving them an opportunity to participate in the management of school activities.

The officers for this semester are: Don Burnett, president; Robert E. Wood, vice president; Faunie Gray, secretary-treasurer.

Besides the standing committees already in existence, the Council this semester formed a new one called "Manners and Conduct." Their first consideration was the conduct of the student body during the lunch hour programs. These were a new plan of entertainment under the direction of the "Public Entertainment" Committee. The committee also took deep interest in cafeteria, home, and class-room manners.

Another successful undertaking was that of a "clean-up" campaign. Interest for this was secured through three-minute speeches on "clean-up." These were given by one or more members of each home room in his home room on April 14. On the following morning these speakers delivered their talks in other home rooms. A special committee was appointed within the Council and arranged for speakers to appear at various club meetings and at assemblies during the two weeks' campaign.

These are only a few of the important accomplishments of the Student Council for this semester.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has had one of the finest semesters in the past months that it has ever experienced. The programs at the meetings have been very much enjoyed, everybody working hard as well as having a good time. The initiation picnic was held at South Park where all the pledges were made to prove themselves faithful to the Dramatic Club.

The officers for this semester have been Marjory Mathis, president; Kathleen Shreves, vice president; Cleta Missildine, secretary; Kathryn Cosson, treasurer.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Another new club in East High. Members are taken from all French classes and, at present, number eighty. The motto is *Avant*, meaning Forward.

Officers are: Margaret Pelton, president; John McBeth, vice president; Martha Cunningham, secretary; Lily Beard, treasurer. Adviser: Miss Jordan.



PHILOMATHEAN

PURPOSE: *To promote literary interests and to encourage a spirit of companionship.*

Officers—President, Josephine Macaulay; vice president, Marjorie Amsden; secretary, Edna Pearson; treasurer, Vera McCoy; faculty adviser, Miss Bonfield.

At the Philo regular semi-monthly meetings literary programs have been given and in their productions real ability has been shown by the girls.



Y. W. C. A.

The officers are: President, Rita Novinger; vice president, Frances Kirkham; secretary, Irma Swanson; treasurer, Edna Pearson; program chairman, Thelma Garretson; social chairman, Vera McCoy; service chairman, Irene Densmore.

The Y. W. C. A. is closing a very successful year of work in East High. The club has more members than any other club in the school and has been very successful in fulfilling its purpose, "*To find and give the best.*"



THE BAND

THERE'S MUSIC IN EAST HIGH

Have East High's musical organizations been all that they should have been this year? This is a question we must ask ourselves in order to answer it. With a motto, "Each year we will get better and better," the answer should be in the affirmative.

If the orchestra should fail to play a selection in the proper manner it is, perhaps, not so much the fault of the members as it is the lack of proper instruments. Many times, because of absence of the oboe, bassoon, and 'cello, the parts must be played by the violin, cornet, and clarinet. We cannot imagine a football player playing two positions; yet this is what many of the members of our band and orchestra must do in order to appear before the public. Thus it is not always as easy as one would imagine to obtain a perfectly balanced orchestra and band. Although East High needs more musicians in these organizations, splendid work has been done all year.

The school has enjoyed the boys' quartette which has appeared on various occasions. We have some soloists of whom we ought to be very proud. We have not only vocal but instrumental soloists who have presented many gratifying selections. Because of the time spent for us and their willingness to perform for us East High should be very appreciative of her talented music students.

With the cooperation of the art, dramatic, and music departments, "Erminie," our spring opera went over "big."

East High enjoys and appreciates her music department as much as any other in the school and believes that the future may bring even greater attainments.



THE ORCHESTRA



CAST OF ERMINIE



MALE QUARTETTE AND ADVISER

Donald Secor, Cleotus Schlesselman, Mr. Gilbert, Joed Hollis, Dean Lightfoot.



CAST OF PEG O' MY HEART



THE BOYS' HI-Y

PURPOSE: *To provide an organization which is a friend to all boys and to create a high standard of chivalry in boys and young men.*

Motto: Clean habits, sports, speech, and scholarship.

Officers: President, Robert Young; vice president, John Woodmansee; secretary, Cleotus Schlesselman; treasurer, Raymond Arenberg.

Leon Smith, our representative from the Y. M. C. A., has given us some very delightful times. Mr. Francis, the club adviser, has been a real leader and pal to everyone in the Hi-Y. With helpers like Mr. Smith and Mr. Francis we could not help but have "big times."



RADIO CLUB

The East High boys who were interested in radio met April 22 and organized the Radio Club. The officers elected were: Eugene Griffith, president; Jack Dunnean, vice president; Donald Guthrie, secretary-treasurer; Mr. Astor, faculty adviser.



PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

March 13—Dignified Senior Daughter arrives at home at the end of the eighth period, a time which is considered very early for her. "O, mother! You must go to the exhibit at school tomorrow night. Here is a ticket. The home room having the most tickets turned in gets ice cream and cake. Ours *must* get the most because our home room teacher said that he has been so used to eating cake and ice cream that he just *couldn't* be disappointed this *time*."

Mother tries to make up excuses, but thinking that she might enjoy this exhibit, she finally consents to accept the ticket. Senior Daughter is satisfied. But something is always upsetting her plans. Freshman Son comes bounding in. "Mother! Won't you go to this exhibit? Our home room——." Senior Daughter calmly informs him that mother has already promised her. Mother, as usual, forms a compromise. She suggested that he ask his Aunt. He did and she accepted. Next evening at 7:30 Mother and Aunt go to East High.

The following day mother tells of her enjoyment of the visit. "Really, there was an unusual crowd in the assembly room. There must have been about 1500 parents, friends, and teachers. First of all, we listened to a program in the auditorium. The orchestra played very fine. Dean C. E. Germane from Des Moines University gave a splendid talk. At the close of this program we visited the laboratories and shops. The students guided us to the places visited; the teachers in their rooms were "at home" to the parents. The main features were displays from the home economics, home nursing, industrial and art departments. It was the first time I became really acquainted with East High."

This mother's experience was duplicated many times; so, you see, our parents enjoyed this special "get acquainted" program.

Earlier in the year our Parent-Teachers' Association held a Founder's Day Program. A playlet and other features were followed by a reception given in the Music Room.

Our parents and friends are interested in East High. The large number who attended the exhibit proves that they want to "Know Our School." The membership of the association has reached over a thousand, but because of our effort to have the largest organization in the world, other schools have tried and succeeded in putting us out of first place.

The association has been very successful under the efficient leadership of Mrs. J. O. Woodmansee, president; Mrs. Howard Jones, vice president; Mrs. A. N. Coy, recording secretary; Mrs. George Garton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. A. O. Hauge, treasurer.

Tuesday, April first, new officers were elected. They are: Mrs. Howard Jones, president; Mrs. C. E. Hamborg, vice president; Mrs. R. W. Zeuch, recording secretary; Mrs. George Garton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. F. E. Lightfoot, treasurer.



SHAKESPEAREAN

PURPOSE: *To study Shakespeare and other playwrights.*

Membership—Fifty students chosen from Junior and Senior English classes.

This year's activities: Picnic early last fall. Presented noon hour program. Held social get-together and initiation. Chose a club pin. Held Spring picnic in May. Elected next year's officers in May.

Officers: Raymond Arenberg, president; Roscoe Herringlake, vice president; Margaret Fuller, secretary-treasurer.

Adviser: Miss McBride.

E. H. CAMP FIRE

Gan-ne-zan-zan was organized in East High in the fall of 1923. Now our first year is over. Recalling our problems and difficulties, our joys and triumphs, we feel that it has been a successful one. Though the work at times proved discouraging, we worked persistently. We realized that the first year is the foundation upon which the success of the future club will depend. Since we had to work out all of our problems without precedents on which to base their solutions, we had time for little more than constructive work. This year we had a demonstration ceremonial, studied hand-crafts work, and at our last meetings, discussed courtesy and etiquette.

Miss Cummings was our adviser for the latter part of the last semester and, with Beulah Keeney as her assistant, helped us to form our program for the semester. The officers for the year were: Edith Soppeland, president; Evelyn Walker, vice president; Mabel Wood, secretary-treasurer.



SCI TA MEH TAM



CAST OF TAILOR MADE MAN



LATIN CLUB

During the past semester the Sodalitas Romana has had some very interesting meetings. The Club has been studying the most important ancient structures at Rome, and the style of dress of the ancient Roman people.

One meeting was given over entirely to initiation, as a number of new members were entering the club. A new form of initiation was worked out, partly in Latin.

On April 30th, the Club presented the program at the noon Social Hour, a Burlesque, "Julius Caesar," was given.



SPANISH CLUB



NORMAL TRAINING CLUB

Our club officers are Rocene Holt, president; Bessie Calvert, vice president; Rosena Weisinger, secretary-treasurer.



SENIOR BOARD

Mr. Hoyt, Miss Pritchard, Mr. Peterson, Ray Arenberg, Bob Young, Dorothy Steady, Cleotus Schlesselman, Marjorie Mathis, Clarke Baridon.



FORENSIC

Officers for this semester were: John Woodmansee, president; Craig McKee, vice president; Bob Young, secretary; Gilbert Rogers, treasurer; Bob Wood, sergeant-at-arms; Ray Arenberg, program chairman.



SWIMMING TEAM



E EPI TAN

Our leaders for the past semester have been: Dean Lightfoot, president; J. Sherman Green, chairman; Ernest Porter, vice president; Chester Holdefer, treasurer; Wayne Hayes, secretary; Mr. Lyman, adviser.



TRACK TEAM



EXTEMPORANEOUS AND DECLAMATION TEAMS

Clarke Baridon, Stanley Wilson, Allen Ashby, Ruth Thomas, Marjorie Mathis.



DEBATERS

Roscoe Heringlake, Chester Holdefer, Clarke Baridon, Irene Densmore, Eva Mintzer, Ethel Lucas, Ruth Thomas.



HELP YOURSELF

The school paper may be likened to a human body. Figure out the parts for yourself. As the human body is dependent upon food, so is the school paper dependent upon money for its existence. Now, this money does not drop out of the skies, nor is it found buried in the ground. But the money is buried in the pockets of the business men who advertise, and it is up to our advertising staff to promise the merchant advertising with the assurance that it will bring results in order to get this money. The boys can promise the advertising, but they cannot promise that the advertising will pay. One man struck the keynote when he said, "When I get ready to put billboards on Mount Everest, I will call you, young man, for then you might make me believe that it would really pay."

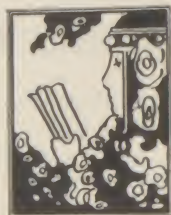
Without the advertising there would be no money, and "no money, no paper." Now, why is it necessary for our boys to talk their heads off, in order to sell advertising? No student realizes the difficulties of securing advertising. One boy sums it up in the words, "We have first to talk to keep from being thrown out of the place, then we have to sell them the advertising." When our boys go into a place of business, they are not begging for money; if they were, we would accept the offer of the man who said he would give the school a check for ten dollars, but would not buy any advertising. Or we would agree with the man who said, "I will give you something for charity, but if it's business, I consider yours a poor proposition."

The cause of this lack of patronage of the advertisers in the school paper is very simple. The student is so engrossed in reading the other parts of the paper that he forgets the "ads." Take a little time and read the advertisements in your paper.

You will find there the names of some of the biggest firms in Des Moines, firms who will be better able to serve you than you imagine. And by reading the advertisements and patronizing the merchants, you will make advertising in the school paper a profitable and desirable thing, and not a "billboard on Mount Everest."



Alumni



ALUMNI

And so it happened that as the task of supplying the student body with a commencement number stared the Quill Staff in the face, the editors of the Alumni department grew sorely perplexed, for their material was greatly inadequate to fill their needs; alumni seemed to have disappeared from the earth leaving not a trace behind.

At last, goaded on by desperation we undertook a long and dangerous journey to the habitation of our sole remaining hope, for aid.

So it came about that one day we entered (with no little amount of apprehension) into the cave where dwelt Sibyl, of great fame among the intellectuals for her willingness to help them in their pursuit of knowledge, and of equal renown among all modern-day seekers for the truth.

As we entered we could hardly see, so dark was it, and so feeble the light shed by our candle. In the center of a large space at the cave's end sat Sibyl at her rustic table of boughs and limbs while behind her reared large bookcases, filled to their full capacity with her collected knowledge.

She greeted us kindly, though shortly, and after we had stated our business, nodded with a seeming confidence in her ability to supply our wants. She arose, her spare, ragged form weird in the flickering candlelight and shuffled to the nearest shelf of books. Selecting one of these without any outward signs of hesitation, she returned to where we sat, and opening that musty volume began to read:

DRAMATICS HERE AND THERE

"The fame and success of plays presented by the East High Dramatic department are common knowledge and the ability of its director, Mrs. Miller, is unquestioned and applauded, but we sometimes lose track of the players who contribute to our enjoyment. The students who take part in East High dramatics are much sought after later when they go to colleges or universities for it is known that these persons have talent and the advantage of excellent instruction and training.

"Among those who have taken part in college presentations are Don Dailey and Letha Hostetter whose little playlet won them admission to the dramatic club at Des Moines University in a contest held for the purpose of selecting new members.

"This same university had the services of two other East High Alumni in another of its plays. Amy Scott and Kenneth Gibson took prominent parts in the play 'Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh' given at the school last year.

"Of course, Simpson could not allow Des Moines University to gain a monopoly of the talent, so we find Malcolm Love taking leads in two Shakespearean plays. He took the part of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice', presented last Christmas and will play the title role in 'Hamlet' soon to be given.

"When the teachers in the public schools assisted by a group of students from Drake University gave a musical comedy 'A Man in a Million,' the acting of Charles Shane, Mabel Dahlstrom, Gladys Rudston and James Chastain appeared conspicuous throughout the presentation.

"A little later in King's X, the annual musical comedy at Drake University, we find Lucile and Francis McFee, Evelyn Carpenter and Maurine Bredimus par-



icipating with great success. Incidentally Lucile McKee served as the chairman of the executive committee.

"All this only serves to prove further the regard in which graduates of East High are held and to show a few of the many results of their initiative and ability."

As she finished she glanced at us and, noting our pleased smiles and busy pencils, took it as a sign of our appreciation; then reaching to the shelf she drew down a large leather bound book and began to read again in her low pitched voice:

MINDING THEIR BUSINESS

"Outside of the school life lies a great sphere called the business world. This is a life into which many of East High's graduates pass. Among the busy inhabitants of that universe we find Laurence Mason '23, who is working at the Hawkeye Tire Company, George Mason '24, who is working at a Des Moines garage, Claire Ibsen '24, the Quill's art editor last year, who is working at the Merit Bread Company before going to the state university in the fall, and John Handstrom, who has been made Superintendent of the Des Moines Asphalt Company.

"Alice Trout is assisting her father in his office. Mr. Trout is a local dentist.

"Elizabeth Young '22, has a position at Rollins Hosiery Mills.

"Margerite Saunders '24, is a stenographer for the Standard Glass and Paint Company."

Replacing the book "Minding Their Business" upon the shelf, she took another and read us a few extracts from a copy of "Cupid's Tolls."

We found from this book that only a few people having gone from our ranks as graduates have escaped being acutely wounded by the arrows of that mischievous little fellow, Dan Cupid, but in many cases the missiles have flown so straight that not only the heart of one but of two persons was pierced simultaneously. Among the fortunate were: Mildred Harriet Schooler, who married Carl Dietrich; and Neal Holsaple and Helen Weissinger, who recently swore their prized independence away.

Mamie Clark and Mark Robinson have just recently left for Topeka, Kansas, where they will live as Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

When Miss Belle Scott was graduated from East High in 1918, she reached one point of importance in her life, but now that she has married Mr. Abram James she probably feels that she has passed one point of her life that is much more important.

We found that Marie Savage of the class of 1921 and George Costello have taken an oath "until death do us part."

Jean F. Carroll, feeling the responsibility of a man, married Mellissa Stevenson, of Council Bluffs just this June. He and Mrs. Carroll met in the Iowa State College. Both of them were members of winning debating teams in that school.

Helen Keogh and Sydney Shepard were married on May 12th.

As Sibyl finished reading to us of the marriages of former East High students, there came a noise at the mouth of the cave, a whirl of wings and then silence. We, the editors, sat very still for we were very nervous anyway in that large, dark cave. But at last the aged seer arose and paced past us toward the opening. She returned in a few moments smiling slightly and carrying a package in her hand.

"It was only the mail man," she said and with a deliberate slowness began unwrapping the parcel.

"Oh! This concerns you, I believe," she exclaimed. "I see these are notes from a reporter concerning the East High graduates that have gone on to colleges."

She finished disclosing the contents of the package and picking up a few of the letters, sat back in her seat and began to read:

"Frank Anderson, Florence Hicks, George Libles and Ezra Ellis have all taken their places in Drake's classrooms and on its campus.

The Quill

"Homer Elnquist, Golda Crutcher '17, Joseph Comito, and Alfred Ginsberg are continuing to work hard at Des Moines University.

"Jennie Neighbour may be found at The Iowa Lutheran Training School for Nurses; and Raymond and Bernard Gift have gone to the land of sunshine where they are attending the University of Southern California.

"We suppose Margaret Gruener gets a big laugh out of being the Joke editor at Des Moines University. She was associate editor of the Quill during her last year in East High. Charles Shane and Ralph Jester, prominent quackers at Drake, took parts in a play presented by the Drake Drama Shop, 'The Shepherd in the Distance.'

"Fridolph Hanson is further distinguishing himself at Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois. There seems to be no end to the honors heaped upon him. His latest achievement is his selection by the sophomores as business manager of the Rockity-I, the school book.

"Clifford Julstrom, who charmed his listeners at Class Day Exercises last February with his violin playing, has been taken as accompanist with the chorus from Augustana. Ben Lingenfelter of the Chi Delta fraternity of Drake was on the committee in charge of the Men's Panhellenic annual dancing party that was held this year at the Hotel Fort Des Moines.

"Charles Shane, who has acted in the capacity of circulation editor of the Delphic, Drake's publication, has resigned to take a position with the Slade Haberdashery.

"Madeline Philleo is going to Drake and Archie Johnson is one of the new members of the squad that is out for spring grid practice at Grinnell. Archie Johnson is at Grinnell, you know. Yes, and the Scarlet and Black, Grinnell's paper, bears the information that he took second place in the pole vault at the home meet there in April.

"Yes, and a great honor has come to Ruth Spry, late of East High, not to mention "e pluribus unum" to the extent of one hundred dollars. Ruth won first prize in a debate at Des Moines University. The prize is an annual one offered by Dr. Hanson of that institution and is open only to students who have participated in debates at the university. We are very proud of Ruth and hope for her continued success.

"Claire Yohe and Robert Yohe are studying at Drake University and Claire is working after school at Harris-Emery's store.

"John Van Liew, a graduate of East High and former athletic director at East, was here for the Drake Relays with his squad of track men from Knox College where he has charge of athletics.

"Herbert Hauge, who is remembered for his versatility on various musical instruments, is at St. Olaf's.

"Laverne Greenlee, Herschel Lair and Robert Grund, who formerly added beauty to track and football suits at East, are going to Drake now. Jay Mitchell is also going there."

After filing the letters and reports she had received, the Sibyl turned to us and sighed.

"Well, is there anything else I can help you with?" she said.

We, the editors, pondered a moment and then——

"Oh, surely, tell us something about those pupils who have gone on and done something in music after leaving East High," we said.

Without a word the Sibyl stepped to the shelf and removed from its dark recesses a small, insignificant looking volume.

Opening it she began to read:



"Down at Iowa University next year there will be a new graduate instructor in violin. It has always been the custom to elect each year a member of the musical department who is an especially strong student. It happens this year that a graduate of East High has been elevated to this position, Eugene Burton." Suffice it to say we are very proud of Eugene and hope for his continued success.

Clifford Bloom '14, who is now at Drake University, is a graduate of East High. He has been very successful in his work at the university and recently accepted a position with the San Carlos Opera Company. Clifford is a teacher in voice at Drake.

Robert McGrew, we hear, is concert master at Simpson College. Remembering his playing at East we could not hope for less.

Roy Dougan, who was our first music director at this school, we are glad to hear, is now assistant supervisor of music at Cleveland, Ohio.

Adelaide Ewing is perhaps the best and most successful teacher of piano in East Des Moines.

We are glad to hear of the success of Laurence Carter, who has been occupying the position of being one of Iowa's foremost composers of music for some time. While he is producing his compositions, he is attending Iowa University.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dorothy Stearns is going to a girls' school at Rockford, Illinois.

Grace Everly is working at the city library.

Helen Lightfoot and Betty Berner are working at the State Library and Pauline Woodmansee has a position in the law library at the state house.

Raymond Shaw is employed in the offices of the Iowa Packing Company.

Dorothy Cronland is employed with the Southern Surety Company of Des Moines.

Clifford Gray of recent football history and fame has been working at Plumbs' jewelry store.

Fridolph Hanson is a candidate for vice president of the Augustana Lyceum.

Herbert Young, an East High graduate, is going to Drake, and Mildred Scott is employed at the telephone company.

Bernice Hawkins, Carl Bogenrief, Marie McCarthy, Florence Moffet, and Homer Dresslein have been taking post-graduate courses here the past semester.

Roy Tillotson, a former warrior for East on the gridiron, is working at the Ford Plant.

Loyal Hibbs is employed at the State Capitol.

Howard Parks is attending Grinnell.

When Wilma Hutton left East High, she entered into the business world as a stenographer for the Playground Commission, and she works in the City Hall.

Frank Anderson is attending Drake.

Alix Park is at the present time working in the city for Mrs. A. H. Hoffman.

Harold Welch has a position at the Southern Surety Company.

Dorothy Mizener, who was graduated from East High, has signed a contract with Joseph Howard and will appear with him in an act on the Orpheum Circuit. Dorothy is a pupil of Rhena Rodgers Hayward and has been a member of "The Larks," a local musical organization, for two years.

"A New York architect has invented an automatic apparatus which switches on an electric light, sounds an alarm, and turns on oxygen for a person accidentally locked in a bank vault."



Exchange



HOME

*Home! the port for wounded hearts.
Here, dark care and I do part;
He holds me fast in his toils all day,
But at home his bonds seem to slip away.*

*Woe, to him who can find no home,
But is doomed forever and ever to roam,
A rudderless ship on the vasty deep,
Until he is claimed by Eternal Sleep.*

DONALD KINNEY, '27.

—From the Oracle, Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COUNCIL BLUFFS BAND WINNER

At the annual mid-west band contest held Friday evening, April 4th, the Council Bluffs High School Band was again victorious.

The bands were rated by the following scale: Intonation, 20 points; precision, 20 points; tone quality, 20 points, and character of selection, 20 points. Council Bluffs won first place with 89 points and the Fremont, Nebraska, High School took second place with 83 points.

The winners will receive the Gerner trophy, a beautiful silver cup, which is donated by the George Gerner jewelry store of that city.

HONOR SYSTEM AT AMES

Through the united efforts of the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y organizations the Ames High School has been put under the student government or honor system. After much study the system was put before the student body to be voted upon. The result was that 380 voted for it and only 14 against it.

AVOID HURRYING

"Haste makes waste," is a proverb often quoted and one that is worth thinking about. A sense of hurry always muddles the brain. When one works too rapidly, he or she cannot have complete self-possession, and then his work becomes slipshoddy.

To do things well, one must often resist hurrying, keep self-possession, and drive one's work, instead of being driven by it.

When one knows that he or she has a fault and sets his heart on correcting that fault, he will without question accomplish what he sets out to do. If you know that you hurry and muddle everything up, try to take your time and do things right. Anything worth doing is worth doing right. So please take your time! No need to hurry. Start what you are going to do in plenty of time, so that you will do that thing right.

—From X-Ray, High School, Sacramento, California.



DREAMS

*"White clouds across the azure sky windblown."
Ships of my dreams the wind blows far away,
To me are lost tho' sail they where they may.
The sky is blue and I am left alone;
And to the wind that blows away I moan
These shadowy ships that seek a sapphire bay;
Yet I would not their uncharted wanderings stay,
Or map their course into my ports of stone.
For these sky ships that rise from ocean's tears,
That hying hence leave me so oft alone
I know the wind in some far after years
Will waft the ones it urged away back home;
So I have mighty hopes and paltry fears;
"White clouds across the azure sky windblown."*

HELEN MACLEOD, '26.

—From the Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

A school teacher called upon a bright youngster the other day to recite the fable of the fox and the grapes.

The lad made a bold start and told how a rather athletic fox came upon an arbor laden with grapes, but the nearest bunch was well up in the air.

"The fox jumped and jest missed 'em," said the boy, "and he jumped again and jest missed 'em—and he jumped, and he jumped, and he jumped——"

"Yes, and then what?" prompted the teacher.

"He sat down and said, 'Aw, heck, I'll eat a banana.'"

FREMONT HIGH SCHOOL WINS FIVE PLACES IN CONTEST

The District Commercial Contest which took place Saturday, March 29th, at Columbus, Fremont High School of Fremont, Nebraska, entered nine contestants and won five places. The winners will be entitled to enter the State Contest, to be held either in Norfolk or Omaha some time in the near future. Last year Fremont took part in both district and state contests.

COMPENSATION

The law of nature is, "Do the thing yourself and you shall have the power, but they who do not the thing, have not the power."—Emerson.

I wonder how many of us ever turn our thoughts toward that of compensation. For every accomplishment we have attained, we have paid the price in full. We can all listen for hours to a great artist, but I wonder if we think of the years of study he has undergone before the thing is in its perfect form. But it is such as this that makes life. One thing seems to balance with another. The student who plots ahead, in the end is the valedictorian of his class. He thinks not of the compensation he paid, but of the honors he has received during his last days in school. The worthwhile things in life are what we should pursue. With such a thought in view, I feel that the price of compensation would not be too great for service rendered. Sometimes our misfortunes are really blessings in disguise. When we fail in one thing we make sure we will not fail in the same place again. Life is really a school of experience, and when we receive our "Crown of Life," we may feel that we are eligible to graduate.—From *The Buckshot*, Blackwell, Oklahoma (Blackwell High).

Banter





BROADCASTING

Are we to understand that Miss Bonfield really meant to send one of the Philo girls to the office without a slip? O, it was merely a misunderstanding? I see. Miss Bonfield thought the girl said something else? Well, we are glad that no East High teacher assured a student that a slip wasn't at all necessary.

Not long ago, Mr. Hostetter and his golf students, who were out on the links, waved when Miss Snook came by. Miss Snook did not recognize him, evidently, because she turned to her companion and asked, "Who is that impertinent man with all those good-looking girls?"

During an active season for debaters Mr. Francis and Chester Holdefer were walking down the hall together while Mr. Francis explained some point to Chester. Because of his enthusiasm, the instructor became quite emphatic in his explanations and was severely spoken to by an efficient hall monitor. When his words were disregarded, the monitor sent for Mr. Prichard to quell the talkative person. Needless to say, Mr. Prichard was surprised to be called upon to chastise one of his faculty and the dutiful boy was rather humiliated.

We have heard that Miss Pritchard not only allows joyriding, but sometimes accompanies the party. We might correct any false impressions by saying that she has often been a welcome com-

panion and chaperon on necessary auto trips among various school teams.

We are so glad to take this opportunity to announce the great love of nature's beauties that some of our school possess. While the editorial staff of the Quill were awaiting the arrival of the photographer one delightful spring morning, Gene Gray and Harry Hartwick satisfied, in part, their deep appreciation of the artistic by plucking dandelions on the school lawn.

We are quite at a loss to know whether one of the seniors is still in his first childhood or his second. Regardless of senior dignity, home training and other influential associations, John Woodmansee indulged in a non-competitive game of marbles, mainly for his own amusement, and laid the scene of his activity in the front hall.

We have almost decided to investigate Florence Maffet since we overheard a chance remark of hers that she could not decide what to call all her men. We are wondering if she names her friends or just exactly what the case is. We always try to find out all factors in the case so we will make no false reports.

We think at this age of Volstead acts and sundry raids that it is entirely fitting and proper to let you know that Virgil Morton carries a bottle in his vest pocket. Just the nature or degree of strength of the contents is still unknown.

UNASSOCIATED ATOMS

Mr. Russell—Teaching Home Economics.
Dorothy De Bie—With a marcel.
The Freshmen—Without Ward.
The Sophomores—Without Ivanhoe.
The Juniors—Sans Latin.
The Seniors—Without Bacon.
Miss McBride—Angry.
Mr. Francis—Not busy.
Don Burnett—Taking short steps.
Philomatheans—Debating the Dramatic Club Girls.
The front hall—Really clean.
The library—Having a gunless day.
Miss Needles—Having a shingle bob.
Mr. Bakalyar—In a state of perfect tranquillity.
Mr. Burton—Without a smile.



O! my dear! You know, I have just heard some news. I've always thought that one could find a little scandal everywhere and now I know it. East High claimed that they had no secret misdemeanors, which they kept locked in the hidden chambers of their hearts. But I must tell you! I have found some of the most interesting things for weeks about a few of East High's prominent people. Draw your chair up a little closer and prepare to hear some good news!

Way back in the seventh grade at Brooks School, some of our well-known girls received severe chastisement which also furnished some enjoyment. Arlene Sanford, Marjorie Amsden, Bernice Deeds, Nadine Smith, Lorraine Strickland, and a few others indulged in a vigorous snowball combat, which resulted in their suspension for a few days. We are sure they appreciated the vacation during such pleasant weather.

Now for a bit of ancient history. In 1907 there was a cute little fellow with bee-a-u-tiful long golden curls and the loveliest complexion. When his nurse wanted to scare him she would flourish a pair of scissors. Now in 1924 he is graduating from East High as Allister McKowen.

Elizabeth Saunders, when in seventh grade was, in the eye of the school public, quite a society belle. Carol Herschman, the sheik of Twelfth Street, evidently thought so, too, because one day he and Elizabeth failed to answer roll call and an investigation found them quietly consuming ice cream at the corner drug store.

The track team of 1923 was faster on

the track than most of them. Last year at Iowa City, some of the fellows got homesick while waiting for the train and started home on hand cars. After they had sped the usual 440 yards, they recovered from their illness and came back to accompany their friends on the train.

Now who would believe that Clarke Baridon had ever been anything but the most dignified of people, as he goes about on his Quill and public speaking duties? We are sure you will be delighted to know that he was *put* out of the Junior Chamber of Commerce four short years ago, because he quite mischievously threw paper wads.

How many of you remember Wilma Helstrom as a Freshman? Just let us recall to your minds the little girl in half hose, sandals, and a short dress who bashfully entered at the big front entrance, gained courage after a few steps, then playfully ran clear to the third floor and slid down the banister.

We were quite pleasantly surprised when we learned that the quiet fellow who debates and plays in the band was at one time reduced to the awkward position of having fallen in the lake.

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Shingles and	Boxes
Roofing	Made to Order

Roscoe Heringlake ventured out on a crude raft of water-soaked logs, which he had constructed, and which failed to support him. We are not quite sure how he returned to dry land or how he managed to go home in such uncomfortable, not to say unbecoming, attire.

Several years ago Ray S., the lusty young hunter, exercised his art in mercilessly slaying a little black kitty which had white stripes on its back. The next morning Ray was acutely reminded of a little problem he must solve before he went to school. With confidence and innocent intent he did away with a whole bottle of his sister's perfume. We can conclude as to its effectiveness when we learn that he was sent home from school.

The present business manager of the Quill has, at times past, enjoyed himself in much milder pastimes. About 1917 his favorite was knitting, yards of which streamed from his flying needles. The tragedy was that no soldier was ever given the honor of wearing Craig's creations.

□ □

Mr. Wilson: "What was Jackson's toast at the Jacksonian banquet?"

Hazel Goodwin: "I'm sorry, I wasn't there."

□ □

If one gallon of gasoline will blow up a Ford, how much home brew is required to make a man feel like a house afire?

□ □

We have heard the librarians remark about Mr. Francis. "Isn't he a cute little fellow? Look at that smile."

□ □

IT CAME —

Miss Cummings: "Will 'The Vampire' come to the desk, please."

Donald Proudfit came forward.

□ □

A WEIGHTY SUBJECT

Dorothy Naylor: "Why is it some people can't float?"

Mr. Peterson: "Because they are too dense."

□ □

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mr. Francis, on finding an Eversharp: "I don't know whose it is, but it's got 'Pat Pending' on it. Does anybody know him?"

HOLMES-IRVING CO.

Graduation Gifts

Watch our windows for something different in Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Toilet Goods.

Fountain Pens—Best Makes; Pencils—Best Makes

SEE US FIRST AND LAST

405 EAST SIXTH STREET

Snappy Graduation Suits

\$34⁵⁰

Fast color blue serges, hair line stripes, self-stripes, two-tone effects—the newest models—latest cut—perfect fitting and long wearing.

Come to East Des Moines Style Headquarters for your commencement outfit.

Big values upward from \$20.



New Shirts in big variety.

Nifty Hats and nobby Caps.

Holeproof and other good makes of Hosiery.

Collars that are up to the minute.

Neckwear that "rings the bell."

ESTABLISHED 1883
H.C. HANSEN PROP.

The Garfield
EAST 6TH & LOCUST
GOOD CLOTHES
FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

United Business Institutes

In Beautiful Highland Park

Fully Accredited

A **particular** school which caters to a **particular** class of students and satisfies with its product the calls for help from **particular** business firms.

Fourteen distinct courses in Commerce, ranging from Six Months' Stenographic to the Two-Year B.C.S. Degree.

Summer Quarter opens June 9

Special Summer Rates

Fall Quarter opens September 2

Phone Market 1614

THINGS WE TRY TO BELIEVE

- That the Quill has a good staff.
- That Mr. Prichard was ever a Freshman.
- That shingle bobs improve girls' looks.
- That grade cards on Friday the 13th don't mean "fives."
- That Gene Gray will be a second "Ding."
- That Quill jokes *are* jokes.
- That the clean-up campaign had wonderful results.
- That the marks we receive are the "ones" we deserve.
- That Mr. Peterson has sworn off telling jokes.

BROOKVIEW DAIRY

242 East 28th St.

Phone Maple 3929-W

Pasteurized Milk and Cream

From Tuberculin Tested Herds

We retail our own Ice Cream at Wholesale Prices at the Plant

"SAN-TOY"

*The Season's Most
Popular SANDAL*



PATENT—
Red—

Airedale—

Green—

Blue—

White.

\$5

So Smart When Worn Over Colored Hose

A R A N T ' S

6 0 6 W a l n u t

The Freshman may say:

"You may lead a horse to water—"

But the Senior—

"To oxygen and hydrogen combined,
A quadruped—the genus equus kind—
Although conducted with a firm deci-
sion,

May thwart you by declining inhibi-
tion."

□ □

Mrs. Moen (Science 3): "What is the
price society pays for alcohol?"

Margaret M.: "Ten dollars a pint."

BUGOLOGY

Ralph Nichols: "Is it true that mos-
quitoes weep?"

Miss Gilbert: "Probably; I've seen
a moth ball."

□ □

Eleanor Cosson: "Don't rescue me.
I want to die."

Glenis Miller: "Well, you'll have to
postpone that. I want a life-saving
monogram."

WATCHES

for the Graduate

Reliable, perfect time keepers. Remember a **Watch**
purchased from **Hanger's** carries our guarantee, which
means service.

Wrist Watches, white gold, in 15 and 16 jeweled 25
year, from **\$15.00** to **\$18.00**.

In solid gold from **\$20.00** to **\$35.00**.

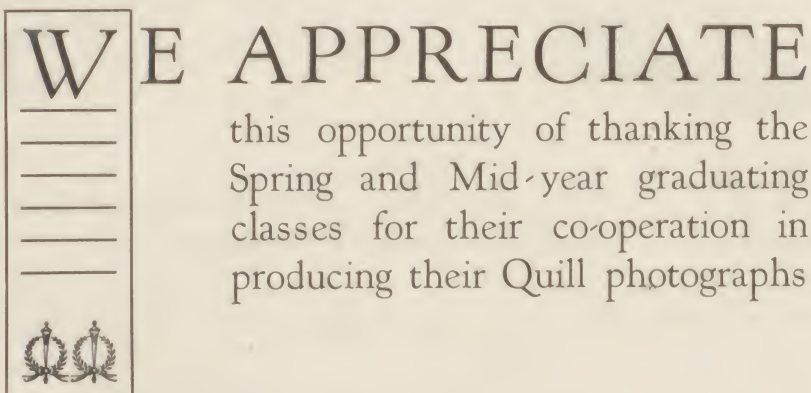
Young men's Watches, all the leading makes, in white,
green and regular gold, from **\$15.00** to **\$50.00**.

See our stock—one of the largest in the city—
before you purchase.

526 E.
LOCUST ST.

TELEPHONE
MAPLE 724

ARTHUR C. HANGER
OPTOMETRIST



WE APPRECIATE

this opportunity of thanking the
Spring and Mid-year graduating
classes for their co-operation in
producing their Quill photographs

A. O. Harper
Photographer

Maple 1776

518 E. Locust Street

SEND IT IN

*If you have a bit of news,
Or a joke that will amuse
Send it in.*

*A story that is true
An incident that is new,
Send it in.*

*Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth while,
It may help to make a smile,
Send it in.*

—From Buckshot, Blackwell, Oklahoma.

*Always parking space
while you shop in East
Des Moines.*

*Use your stop-over trans-
fer privilege to shop in
East Des Moines.*

Get the East Des Moines Habit

It guarantees you satisfaction
and saves you money, through
the increased buying power of
your dollars when spent in East
Des Moines.

The East Des Moines Club

E. J. MORGAN, President
522 East Locust

FRITZ MATHIS, Secretary
300 C. C. Bank Bldg.

MOTORCYCLES
Four-Cylinder Henderson

BICYCLES
Excelsior De Luxe

RADIO SUPPLIES

High Grade Sets

Full Line Parts

415
Eighth St.

H. W. KING

Market
884

We're Ready to Help Your Game

- Whether it is Golf
- Whether it is Tennis
- Whether it is Baseball

Tennis equipment recognized
and adopted by all leading
tournaments featured in the
Utica's great Sports Section.

*Wright & Ditson Championship Balls
and Rackets.*
Fourth Floor

THE UTICA
L & A. FRIEDLICH CO.

WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

We have found upon investigation that a large per cent of the inmates of insane asylums and various private sanitariums were former teachers. At a particular institution we heard a continuous monotone from a distant apartment. Our inquiries of the warden revealed the identity of the speaker as a teacher who repeated the following almost without interruption:

"Shall we write on both sides of the paper?"

"What was the assignment?"

"I have the wrong book."

"I didn't hear you say we were to write it."

"Did you say we were to have a semester theme in by Friday this week?"

"I thought you spelled it that way so I did, too."

"I took the wrong book home last night."

"I lost my notebook yesterday and it had my lesson in it."

"My little brother wrote all over my paper so I will have to copy it some time this afternoon."

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

We are equipped to make photographs for what they are intended. There is a difference between "photography" and "commercial photography." The latter is a line in which we specialize. We can handle all your needs, from photographing old photos to making large interiors, and you can count on our giving you the best in workmanship and service.

All group photos in this number of The Quill were made by us.

Portraits made in our studio by appointment only

Commercial Photographic Co.

Over 413 Sixth Avenue

Phone Market 3311

Des Moines, Iowa

For East High

First, Last and Always

Lozier has grown and developed this business among you—

It is always a pleasure to serve the faculty and students of your great institution.

Lozier
FLORIST

FOR FLOWERS

East Sixth & Locust Sts.

"There was an assembly during my study period."

"May I be excused from class for the assembly program fifth and sixth period?"

"Shall we use ink? I haven't any pen."

□ □

Don't laugh at other's mistakes—you may have a banana skin under your own foot.



A diamond or watch from the Oldest Jewelry Store in Iowa will be treasured and enjoyed for a lifetime.

For over three generations this store has been headquarters for graduation gifts and the reliability of this firm has become traditional in Iowa.

The Plumb Jewelry Store
Sixth and Walnut

WHAT WILL SATISFY THAT SWEET TOOTH?

Dorothy Steady—Lemon drops.

Kathleen Shreves—Lolly-pops.

Wilma Helstrom—Chocolate creams.

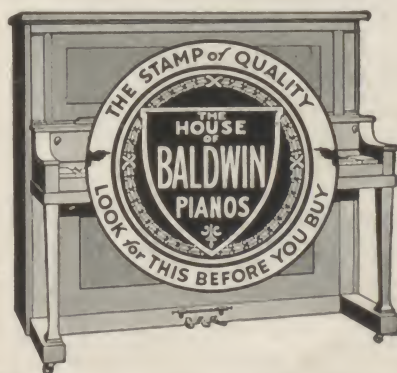
Letha Hunter—Oh Henry!

John Woodmansee—Anything sweet.

Francis Joseph—Lady-fingers.

George Welsh—Caramels.

Clarke Baridon—Peanuts.



A Safe Place to Buy Your Piano

BALDWIN HOWARD HAMILTON

THE ORIGINAL WELTE MIGNON REPRODUCING PIANOS

Players, Upright and Grand Pianos

ROBERT HOWARD

Local Factory Representative

820 Walnut BALDWIN PIANOS Phone Wal. 1591

The Old W. H. Lehman Line of Pianos

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

John W. Million, President

Considers its supreme service to be the enlistment and equipment of young men and young women for the largest possible service in life.

In the last analysis the real value of an educational institution is revealed by the product turned out.

The Alumni of Des Moines University will bear your closest inspection.

“Modern Civilization Demands not More Men But More Man.”

COURSES

Liberal Arts, Education, Engineering, Pharmacy, Home Economics, Fine Arts, (Music, Public Speaking, Dramatic Art, Painting and Drawing).

EXPENSES MODERATE — LOCATION IDEAL
HOME ENVIRONMENT — SANE SOCIAL POLICY
STRONG ATHLETIC PROGRAM

East High Graduates Cordially Invited to Investigate
Carefully.

Summer School Begins June 9

Fall Session September 15

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

Highland Park

Harris-Emery's

—THE STANDARD STORE OF IOWA—

Modes for the Outdoor Season

Whatever vacation may mean to you—travel, camping, a round of sports or social activities—at Harris-Emery's you will find the smartest of appropriate apparel to meet its demands, reasonably priced.

—Third Floor

MARY WATKINS' DIARY

When I come out of school yesterday, having had to stay in because of not having had my rithmetic, Puds Simpkins was waiting around the corner. He said he would carry my books if I let him walk home with me. I don't like Puds as well as I do Benny Potts and I only had one book and 'sides last time Puds carried my speler home he dropped it in the mud puddle and I had to stay in the house all evening.

But their wasn't no mud puddles and when I remembered that at recess Puds told Leroy Shooster he had 1 cent I said yes.

So we walked down the block kind of slow and when we got to Jones corner where a store is I stopped to look in the window and said didn't them choklit soldiers look good and I supposed Puds liked soldiers being a boy. He looked to and said yes they did. And then I said if I had any money I'd by some and give him some and he said so would he. Then I got mad and I said why Puds Simpkins, you told Leroy Shooster you had 1 cent I heard you. I ain't got it now says Puds I give it to Benny Potts for his kite wich he only flew twicet and ain't got no holes in it only a little teeny-weeny one. Well Puds Simpkins I said you can just go on home by yourself I ain't walking no farther with you.

So I ran across the street cause I saw Benny walking up the street by hisself and when I caught up with him he was eating something and he swallowed it quick like when he saw me but he knew I seen him so he said is that you Mary? And I didn't pay no tenshun and just walked on fast by myself.

"That reminds me of a story," means, "Keep quiet while I tell my joke."

East High Students

buy their musical instruments from us because they are assured of courteous service in the selection of instruments of beauty, tonal quality and durability.

Exclusive Agency for **BUESCHER** Saxophones and Band Instruments

Expert Repair Work

Wilkinson Music Shop

312 K. P. BLOCK, DES MOINES, IOWA



Dave Hurwitz Groceries and Meats

*Quality and Service
Our Motto*

1203 West Ninth Street
Walnut 437 or 438

ENLIGHTENMENT

Received in answer to Miss Brody's question, "What are the Ides of March?"

"The Ides of March was a plague that followed the World War."

"The Ides of March is a sweet strain of music."

□ □

CHOICE

Wonder if Lowell didn't make a mistake when he wrote about the perfect June days? It should have been, "Then if ever comes a perfect daze."

GEO. MEANS, Pres.

G. T. MEANS, Secy.-Treas.

for Economical Transportation



SERVICE

MEANS CHEVROLET SALES COMPANY

DES MOINES' ORIGINAL CHEVROLET DEALER

Walnut at Eleventh

Phone Market 84



Sports Wear for Everywhere

*The Call of Summer
Out-Doors Is Answered
Here in Correct Apparel
for the Varied Occasions.*

*The round of summer
sports is an extensive and
merry one—activities that
call for their particular kind
of apparel, if the wearer is
to be dressed in the height
of perfection.*

*Here every consideration
has been given to your many
requirements in sports appar-
el and accordingly stocks are
varied with the many needs
that each delightful sports
occasion calls for.*

YOUNKER BROTHERS

"POOR BUT WORTHY"

Wayne Hayes (pausing wearily in front of poster which said "Murderer Wanted"): "I may as well apply here; it's better than nothing. I can't find work."

□ □

MIGHT TRY IT

The Russian proverb, "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before going to be married, pray three times"—might be used in the following manner: before going to class,

pray once; before looking at the test questions, pray twice; and after writing them, pray three times.

□ □

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Mr. Wisdom: "Name the roster of the highest court in the United States."

Claude G.: "What do you mean by the highest rooster?"

Mr. W.: "O, I was just speaking of the chanticleer on top of the White House."

Serving You the Way You Want to Be Served

This bank does not measure its service in terms of profit—and profit alone. Profit is secondary when we can, through careful, individual service, help a patron to greater success.

The secret of our growth lies in the fact that we have not tried to please ourselves, but to please our customers. There is no chill formality here, but friendliness, courtesy and obliging spirit.

We do not believe in red tape. However, we do believe in taking a warm, friendly interest in our customers' affairs and trying in every possible way to serve them in the way that they want to be served.

Will You Let Us Serve You?

HOME SAVINGS BANK

Northeast Corner East Sixth and Locust Streets

Capital \$100,000

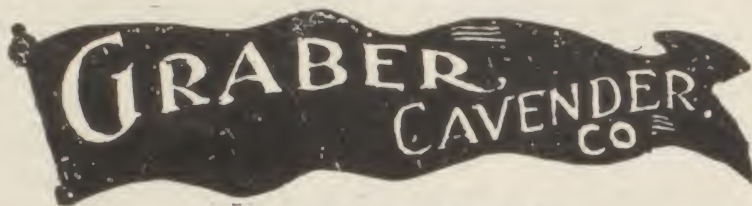
Resources \$3,400,000

THE HEALTH FOOD FOR ALL SEASONS

Hutchinson's Ice Cream

HIGHEST QUALITY PROMPT SERVICE

"Stop and Shop" in East Des Moines



Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear
510-512 East Locust Street

Wingates, Costumers

Where East High students
find a warm welcome

543 Fifth

Market 971

Walker Street Pharmacy

Drugs, Prescriptions, Sundries

1554 Walker St.

Maple 1324

LOOKS BAD

Miss McBride: "Chester, can't you remember dates?"

Chester Holdefer: "Yes, I can remember dates all right, but I can't remember the people connected with them."

□ □

THEN HE WAS AWAKENED

Miss Snyder: "We will have a test tomorrow over 'Lancelot and Elaine.'"

Wally Illian: "In class or before class?"

East High students are earnestly asked to remember our house when school days are finished. We want your patronage in years to come when you become the men and women of active life. We have served two generations and hope to continue to please our patrons for many more years

Iowa Seed Company

209-211 WALNUT STREET

DES MOINES, IOWA

In the Heart of Des Moines

HOPKINS-McKEE SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

412 Seventh Street

Des Moines, Iowa

JOBBER AND RETAILERS

Iowa's Foremost Athletic Outfitters

DISCOURAGEMENT

Mr. Peterson: "What are you doing, Irene?"

Irene Welsh: "Looking at myself in the mirror."

Mr. Peterson: "O, I wouldn't do that. It will discourage you."

□ □

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

Mrs. Huebner (to first hour Business English class): "The class will please pass their plates to the front."

Editor's note: We have concluded that she meant papers but you may have other illusions.

This Ad was written by one of Wendell's friends

Root for Mac

"An East High Student"

HE DESERVES your full support. When anyone wants a Ford, an Iver Johnson bicycle, a velocipede, or a radio set, it's up to you as a friend to tell him of Mac.

The McDougall Company

"Honest Goods at Honest Prices"

Just Call Market 3588

707 Kirkwood Ave.

On Graduation Day

You'll want to be certain
about your appearance

Every detail should be right—it will be if the Hansen & Hansen name is in your Suit, Hat and Furnishings.

Hansen & Hansen Clothing Co.

The Men and Boys' Store of East Des Moines

BERMETZ GROCERY

GROCERY AND MARKET

19th and Easton Phone Maple 1103

E. J. BERMETZ, Proprietor

O'Hara Bros., Barbers

EXPERT HAIRBOBBING AND
MARCELLING

Specialized Service

1553 Walnut St.

Maple 3051

You will always find

FRESH POPCORN

At the East 14th Street Square

From the field to you

I appreciate your continued
patronage

J. H. PRICE

Electric

Shoe Repairing Company

We sell and do everything for
the shoe

Maple 546

402 East Sixth

\$1.00

PROCTORS

CASH AND CARRY

Cleaning and Pressing

E. 14th and Grand Ave.

\$1.00

519 6th Ave.

IT IS WITHIN THE SCHOOL LAWS

To pick—Up paper.

To recite—In class.

To study—In study halls.

To shut—Lockers quietly.

To parade—Across the stage once every four years.

To eat—In the cafeteria.

To look—Your best.

To sing—In the chorus.

To run—On the tennis courts.

To smile—Every day.

To write notes—On your lessons.

M. & M. SERVICE STATIONS

No. 1—East Fourteenth and Lyon

No. 2—Polk Blvd. and University

C. L. MILLER

L. R. McKERN

Proprietors

SUCCESSFUL CLEANERS AND TAILORS

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing and
Altering Our Specialty

Suits Made to Order

423 Eighth Street

Phone Wal. 2106-J Des Moines, Iowa

J. BROOKS, Prop.

RAGTIME PIANO

Christensen School of Music

207 Fine Arts Bldg. Walnut 2009

Leona Rockholz, Instructor

The Faultless Grocery and Market

John Gillmore, Proprietor

1301 Sheridan Ave. Phone Market 3638

WE DELIVER

Donovan Shoe Company

FINE SHOES

520 EAST LOCUST STREET

Keds for Gym Work

S. & S. Cash Grocery

Service and Satisfaction

JOHN L. MARING

16th and Walker

Maple 926-W

Auto Tops

Furniture

E. C. CURRY

Upholstering and Repairing

Get Our Prices

Phone Maple 2911-J

604 E. 14th St.

S. B. Garton Bakery

212-14 West Locust Street

Opposite City Market

Buy Bread and Pastry here and save
20%. One pound two ounce loaves of
Bread for 8 cents

Seely Grocery

Meats and Groceries

Maple 1682-W

313 E. 28th St.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

Salary of janitor as critic.....	\$.35
Insurance for joke editors.....	.10
Entertainment for Junior Staff.....	3.00
Patent head scratchers.....	.50
Damage to Gene Gray's camera (Staff's pictures).....	25.00
For making the Senior pictures look educated.....	50.00
Foot ease for advertising staff.....	.35
Received as bribes.....	10.70
For printing girls' pictures.....	25.00
For removing names from certain jokes.....	5.00
For printing some Junior themes.....	15.00
For waste paper and chewed penholders.....	30.00
Salary of Joke Editors for explaining their jokes.....	.25
Actual sale of Quills.....	25.00
Total at end of year.....	00.00
Debit	50.35

AN INTELLIGENCE TEST OR WHY STUDENTS GO INSANE

I.

Underline the correct words:

- (a) Atlantic is a
sea fish county politician
- (b) An amoeba
swims runs flies barks
- (c) 1492 is a
dog license
convict
a perfect square
- (d) Smiling is the opposite of
giggling grinning laughing

II.

- (a) Give three instances of the superiority of Fords over cars.
- (b) Give a parody on the speech of the Sheik from Mesopotamia.
- (c) Give the names of the students who have committed suicide in the past year because they were overworked in English.

EAST SIDE STATE BANK

NORTHWEST CORNER EAST FIFTH AND LOCUST STS.

A GOOD BANK FOR THE BEGINNER



